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JULY 16, 1987

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JULY 15, 1957  
Volume 7, Number 3

Acknowledgments on page 6

**COVER: ANIMAL MOODS**

Photographed by Nina Leen—LIFE

This shy, sad creature is a baboon, and his tears probably result from a cold—but his display of emotion, like that of many another animal (see page 20), is remarkably human.

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**BRITAIN'S BIG WEEK**

Tennis history is made on Wimbledon's center court. By JOAN BRUCE  
Bobby Locke's Open. By HENRY LONGBURST, Sunday Times golf writer  
Cornell took it all at Haeley. By JOHN LOVESEY

**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT**

A new lens looks at baseball, and a new athlete stars up Texas

**THE MISSING LINK**

An inventive genius of the air turns toward the sea. By COLES PHENIX

**SOME FACES IN THE ZOO**

You may find your best friend among these animals photographed in color

**A HERD OF HORSE SHOWS**

The biggest season yet is not without its problems. By ALICE HIGGINS

**MASS HIKERS IN THE SKY**

Ten-agers and seagulls alike take on a Utah peak. In color

**THE OKLAHOMA KIDS HIT TOWN**

Lindy and Von McDaniel have Cardinal fans in a state of frenzy

**ROAD AMERICA AND SOME WEEKEND HEROES**

Amateurs come into their own on the Wisconsin track. By KENNETH RUDEEN

**PART 5: THE ART OF RACE RIDING**

EDGE ARCADE discusses the most demanding part of a race—"The Finish"

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**NEXT WEEK**

**THE N. Y. YANKEES**

There are some mysteries about baseball's biggest empire. Now they are solved—and bluntly

**PLUS: 'McDONOUGH'S MAGIC SHOVEL'—GERALD HOLLAND'S SEQUEL TO HIS STORY ON RON DELANY**

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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

NOT MUCH has been said about it, but it is the present good fortune of all of us that a problem of what to do with leisure time exists for the United Nations Emergency Force in Egypt (the troops now in Gaza).

I learned of the problem from a neighbor who sent me a letter:

"This is an appeal," she wrote, "not for money but for magazines for the 6,000 United Nations troops from 10 countries stationed in the Suez area.

"They have subsistence and salaries, but there is little money for the extras and little to do in off-duty hours in a rather barren land. I wonder if perhaps SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would send some copies to them. They can be delivered to the United Nations or sent by ship to Italy. We feel that your magazine would be of particular interest to the men from Canada and also be of interest to those from Colombia, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, India, Indonesia, Norway, Sweden and Yugoslavia, who do not read English but might well find enjoyment in it thanks to the international language that sports speak."

Although SPORTS ILLUSTRATED can send magazines overseas far more easily than the United Nations can send men, I regret to say that even getting SPORTS ILLUSTRATED out of the Zone of the Interior involves a certain amount of red tape. So there were a few more letters—and it took a couple of weeks.

But happily the latest letter in the file is from Mr. T. E. Rivers, Director General of the International Recreation Association, which works with the United Nations and which inspired my neighbor to make her original request.

"We appreciate," says Mr. Rivers, "your cooperation in making available 1,000 copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED each week for the UNEF. The United Nations jeep service will arrange to pick up these copies each Thursday morning, beginning June 20.

"The United Nations officials in charge of this project are very, very happy about this. These magazines will make a splendid addition to the reading material for the men in service on the Gaza Strip."

And it must be a universal hope that the men on the Gaza Strip will continue to have the time for all the reading material they get.



*Harry Phillips*



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# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



**Christine Truman,** 16-year-old, 5-foot-11 Briton who quit school to concentrate on tennis, made father chop down favorite oak to make room for a court, became national idol as youngest girl to gain Wimbledon semifinals spot, 1987—also, lost to Althea Gibson, was honored with berth on Wightman Cup team.



**Wayne Poulson,** 41, writing plot and Reno real estate promoter, threw monkey wrench into 1960 Winter Olympics setup by adamantly refusing to leave to California Olympic Committee 32 acres essential to building Games and opposing proceedings to force sale of his land (see page 21).

### RECORD BREAKERS

**Ten Courier,** power-muscling 10-year-old male champion, shattered international field in 1,000-meter run at Göteborg, Sweden, in 19:53.3—3rd world mark, best time ever recorded by American (July 4).

**Isabelle Lohman,** 66½-year-old Japanese Olympic silver medalist, swam 100-meter butterfly in 1:30.8 at Tokyo to create new world's record (July 7).

### GOLF

**Arthur D'Arcy** "Bobby" Lacker, 39-year-old South African professional, avoided high approach shot over depression known as Valley of Six to within 30 inches of pin on 72nd hole, holed out for birdie 3, 279 total for fourth victory in British Open at St. Andrews (see page 14). Gary Middlebrook, who finished 14th, due in exile to Italy's putting, advised future American aspirants to British title to "get themselves a nice, big, hard, bumpy green and plink the little British ball to it a few thousand times and you'll see they drop."

**Fred Horner,** 27-year-old, long-hitting Boston, Mass. professional, fired six-wood-par 20 on final round for 72-hole total of 274 to beat George Bayer by one stroke, won \$25,000 Laker's Open at Montreal.

### AUTO RACING

**Bob Fawcett,** Colorado Springs veteran, graced his last racing American Handicap Special on hazardous 1½-mile gravel road to arrival at Pikes Peak in record 14:01.17 to win 54th annual hill climb.

**Joan Manuel Pargis,** Argentine oil master, finished second 4 miles Roman coast in 1-hour-20-minute 2-litre Maserati at second-looking 100.5 mph to win French Grand Prix ahead of three Ferraris.

### BOATING

**Carina,** 55-foot yawl owned and skippered by Richard R. Nye of Greenwich, Conn., was proclaimed winner of 8,000-mile Newport, N.H.-Buenos Aires ocean race after time handicaps of other competing yachts not met. Carina made occasionally treacherous transatlantic voyage in 19 days, 13:28:47.8 (18 days, 2:31:47.5 corrected time), more than 27 hours faster than *Croix*, Luis Viala's 65-foot yawl, which tied 46th at Santander first but had no handicap.

### BASEBALL

**New York Yankees,** continuing their beautiful progress, won seven of eight games with motivated Whitey Ford taking two in relief; this despite only three hits by Mickey Hatcher. No. 1,000 outfielder, who did more walking than Johnny Aspinwall. Second-place Chicago could not keep up, 56½ games behind Boston, advanced to third, displacing Cleveland, which dropped six of eight, slumped to fourth.

**St. Louis,** in third place as week started, won eight of nine, including four games away from Cincinnati to advance into first place, a comfortable two and a half games in front, though pitching staff completed only two games. Redlegs went into first seasonarily thin, despite their 11 home runs, revealed to third, three and a half games behind, as Milwaukee, in first at first, fell to second. Hank Aaron kept up record home-run pace, getting four more for combined total of 27, just two behind Mantle's 1954 pace. Phillies continued to surprise, taking set of seven games, winning three out of four from slumping Dodgers, 59 run from fifth to third.

### ROWING

**Corvett University's** heavyweight eight powered double advantage against repeated Yale challenge over rest of nation on Chesapeake Bay, started in final 50 yards for half-length victory in Royal Hooty Regatta's Grand Challenge Cup race. Time for individual-550-yard course was 4:53 against strong head wind. 25 seconds slower than record established by Cornell while defeating Boston in row finale (see page 24).

Other Hooty results: Princeton, Thomas Challenge Cup, in 7:01; Stuart MacKenzie, Australia, Diamond Sculls, in 4:52; Earl Tinkler, Alexander Berkwater, Russia, double sculls in 7:41, Russia, Scum without out, in 7:55.

### BOXING

**Larry Baker,** 3-to-1 underdog to Na 2-rounder Welters-weight Casper Ortaga, kept favorite on ropes for most of fight, scored nearly with chopping blows, looking right hook to win split decision as Moses Hatch Two-point penalty voted out to Ortaga by Referee Eddie Coughlan for foul (punches scored victory). Explained Coughlan: "He [Ortaga] has been low in four rounds and I had to do something."

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**HARD-PEDALING** Belgian Cyclist Alfredo de Bruyne receives cooling shower from spectator in Roubaix, France a common practice—on fourth lap of the 2,609-mile, 24-day Tour de France.



**HAND-RIDING** Eddie Araco shows Traffic Judge through Dedare (outstare), Lofly Peak to win Suburban Handicap at Belmont, a finish almost identical to one Araco describes starting on page 58.





**Gardner Mulloy**, 33-year-old Denver attorney, cleverly mixed soft floaters, angled chops, became oldest man to win an All-England tennis championship, teaming with Budge Patty to upset Neale Fraser, Lew Hoad, 6-10, 6-4, 6-4 at Wimbledon and seven-year Australian doubles domination.

## FOR THE RECORD

### AUTO RACING

**PAUL GOLDSMITH**, St. Clair Shores, Mich.: NASCAR 210-mile race, with 75.63-mph average in 1967 Ford, Raleigh, N.C.  
**GEORGE AMICK**, Vernal, Calif.: USAC 300-mile race, with 83.3-mph average in Pontiac Sprinter, Atlanta.  
**PAUL SPURK**, Pitt. 3-7, 15-9 Glenview, with 61.7-mph average in Marlboro Buick Wildcat-Glen. N.Y.  
**JOHN FIZEN**, Stamford, Conn.: 25-lap Feature Race, with 74.5-mph average, in Mustang, Lime Rock, Conn.

### BOATING

**FLAME**, 55-meter yacht skippered by Robert MacBee, Houston, Gold Cup Trophy, Nantux, Norway.

### BOXING

**CISCO ANORABE**, 10-round decision over Billy Evans, lightweight, Las Vegas.  
**JOE GIARDULLO**, 6-round TBO over Joe Gray, middleweight, Detroit.  
**GERMINAL BALLABIN**, 10-round decision over Bob Francis, middleweight, New York.  
**DAVEY MOORE**, 10-round decision over Tadeo Martinez, lightweight, Washington, D.C.  
**BOB BUTCHER**, 8-round TBO over Andy Demelo, heavyweight, Richmond, Calif.

### HORSE JUMPING

**HANS CLOPPNER WINGLER**, Germany, first place, International championship, Aachen, Germany.

### HORSE RACING

**CORDES**, \$27,550 Saratoga N., 1:11.16 m. by 4 lengths, in 1:42.5 Belmont Park, Ted Atkinson up.  
**ROBERT HALL**, \$47,450 Coney N., 1:10 m. by 4 lengths, in 1:41.4.5, Hollywood Pk. Willie Shoemaker up.  
**MANGOTICK**, \$27,500 Hollywood Pk. 1:11.16 m. by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:42.4.5, Hollywood Pk. Johnny Chaquillo up.  
**SALLY LEE**, \$29,400 Hollywood Lanes S., 5:46.2, by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:04.4.3, Hollywood Pk. Johnny Longdon up.

### TENNIS

**BOBBY SISKA**, San Francisco, over Bill Band, La Jolla, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, nearest boys 15-and-under hard-court championship, Burlingame, Calif.

### TRAPSHOOTING

**GEORGE GERHEUX**, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, overall title, with 748 of 800 targets, Canadian championships, Marive, Ont.



**TREE-FELLING** Heavyweight Pete Rademacher trims in Georgia woods for title bout with Floyd Patterson (see page 26).

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## FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

**SEA-TEMPERATURES** (in degrees, 30° = average, 40° = clear water, 50° = water dirty or rainy, 60° = muddy, 70° = water of normal height, 80° = slightly high, 90° = high, 100° = very high, 110° = low, 120° = rising, 130° = falling, 140° = water temperature, 150° = fishing good; 160° = fishing fair, 170° = fishing poor, 180° = nothing very good, 190° = nothing good, 200° = nothing fair, 210° = nothing poor)

**BLUE MARLIN:** BAHAMA: Bimini blue marlin last week. In last week (July 3-5), 15 boats were hooked, 11 of which were entries in the Bimini Big Game Fishing Club Blue Marlin Tournament. Anthony Hruszko of Bay Village, Ohio, won with two marlin at 350 and 350 pounds. In second place was Mrs. Dorothy Dean of Palm Beach with a possible world record fish of 354 pounds on 50-pound test line; OG through July.

**TEXAS:** Mrs. Don Brennan of Victoria, pioneer of Texas offshore angling, last week hooked three blue marlin off Port Aransas and finally landed a 213½-pounder on 24 thread. All indications are that if more anglers investigate Texas waters they will prove excellent for blue marlin as well as other blue-water species.

**NORTH CAROLINA:** OG/FG as Cape Hatteras and environs continue to yield sleek blue marlin trophies. Last week, from Captain Ernie Foster, Aberdeen, Md., off Hatteras, Mrs. Rose Walker of Richmond, Virginia, landed a 410-pound blue after a one-hour-and-15-minute tussle. According to local boater, Mrs. Walker was the first woman to ever land a blue marlin waters north of Florida. After a 20-minute fight with Captain Foster, she landed a 254-pounder. With last week's noteworthy catch, says boater, she is now the first woman to land two blue marlin in Cape Hatteras waters.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** IDAHO: FVG for chinooks on Middle Fork of Salmon at Big Creek to Cabin Creek and mouth of Cabin Creek upstream to Cited Creek. Anglers on Big Hole gravel bank at mouth of Big Loon Creek also advise FG. Many 30-pounders being taken at Warm Springs Hole one mile above Middle Fork Lodge with anglers lining before 7 a.m. Dugger Falls under heavy pressure, but every-one reporting results with as many as 35 chinooks counted in the alc at one time trying to jump the falls. South Fork of Salmon still big OG with run just under way.

**OREGON:** Fog and strong westerly winds hampering offshore moorings, although many salmon outside bars in great numbers; OVG as soon as weather permits small craft to cross bars. **WASHINGTON:** Excited sport reports heaviest run of silvers and kings in many years now choking water from mouth of Juan de Fuca Strait all the way to Georgia Strait. Most report operators incoherent, but coast-head Seku observer claims that sportures there in two days heated over a ton of salmon, with an average of 15 silvers per boat weighing to 10 pounds. Other turrel sport are Point Lawrence, Leander Island, Seabeck, Hood Canal, and just about any place you can name; FV, OVG.

**ATLANTIC SALMON:** NOVA SCOTIA: Heavy runs last week made OG reputation in Midway which yielded 15 fish in just five days.

**MAINE:** Enthusiastic down-Easter maligns some of most promising Atlantic salmon fishing on the North American continent is now going legging as the Machan River, eye of Maine's restored salmon streams, is holding with sassy Atlantic. Over 300 anglers have been trapped with a guaranteed 100 fish now herded in a five-mile stretch of the Machan. When an angler lands a salmon, fishery workers replace it with a fresh-run fish. Yet there are only five to 12 rods on the stream during an average day, although water conditions are excellent and OVG.

**TROUT:** PENNSYLVANIA: Central state home-state streams slightly L and C, such as WT average 65. One fast party last week put in at Millington on Big Eagle Creek and found fishing so good they reversed only five miles in two days. Much bowing and rainbows averaging better than 12 inches were hitting No. 10 nymphs in almost every riffle. Fishing Creek, a small East-Central tributary, offering excellent surface action on streamers and variants. Only north-western locality in northern tier reported to be at tail end of flood control reservoir on First Fork of Susquehanna, but only at night on long runs. **NEW YORK:** FG inland with Wabamung having many rainbows and brooks to six pounds and a few in excess of 15 pounds. Trolling with small lures effective as in fly-fishing during early morning and evening in shallow No. 4 and a day or so of fly needed. **Delaware:** Lake coming to life with Kankalos running to four pounds. Central state streams in fly prime with Mielolus, Deschutes and Crooked rivers among the more productive. Hise Run, Dark Cabbie and small caddis flies present favorites. **OHIO:** IDAHO: Salmon fly hatch at peak on all tributaries of the middle Salmon and FVG on No. 10 drys including Mosquitoes and Hark Gnat. Copper rainbows, however, still preferred for trout which are schooling with salmon. In northern state area fly-fishermen taking more catches of cutthroats while trolls score with Kokanee. Anglers here drainage now pouring in, and OVG for rainbow. Clearwater streams approach L and C conditions.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Fishing slowed during past week with dull, cloudy weather; wind and fast discouraging fishermen more than fish. Lures of Kankalos and trout and trout can generally be expected to produce fair fishing, however, with flies more effective at higher altitudes and in northern areas. Coastal reports more encouraging with FG in Campbell River, Bulkley, Bulkley. Some sea-run cutts in Campbell, Oyster, Puntledge and Qualicum estuaries.

**STRIPED BASS:** MARYLAND: OG in Chesapeake especially for a three-pounder on The Hill at the mouth of Eastern Bay and also near Long Point farther up Eastern Bay. Try trolling small yellow crankbaits with black heads. Hookers to 10 pounds breaking water early and late between Low Point and southern end of the Mud Dumps. White hunk with green skirt going late here. Some built fish to 35 pounds going the other way. **Delaware:** FG on southern end of Kent Island where large spoons trolled deep or small lure drifted across bottom seem to be the ticket; OVG.

**NEW JERSEY:** PFF all along coast. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Strong winds discouraging most charter skippers but the few hardy anglers who don't mind the beating are also taking the bait in Cape Cod Bay on deep-fished seabass. FG in Cape Cod Canal but OG for early-morning tales this week. Nassau Beach most rewarding Cape area spot, with Abasco and Stan Gibbs place working on night tides. Twenty-five fish taken one night last week and OVG.

**BONEFISH:** FLORIDA: FVG/OG throughout upper Keys. Last week, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gardner of Miami brought to boat 17 out of 23 fish hooked in one day. Largest was 6½-pounder.

**BLACK BASS:** PENNSYLVANIA: OG now except for the Susquehanna which is still covered with algae. Best bet is on the lower Potomac where yutefishes and peppers are stirring fast action.

**ONTARIO:** RUTLAND: Hurricane Audrey dumped Ontario bassers last week although Ronald Menzies of Toronto took an 8-pound 12-inch smallmouth on the Trent. Watkinson near Kirkfield in spite of terrible weather, OG as weather moderates.

**BLUEFISH:** MARYLAND: FVG with all boats alive blue connecting off Ocean City. Blues to 10 pounds plentiful last week at East-South-east, north of the Jack Spot. OVG.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3—Arthur Adams, 4—Buckley by Bruce Greenwell, 5—Cotton Port London, 6—FVG, 11—FVG, 12—FVG, 13—FVG, 14—FVG, 15—FVG, 16—FVG, 17—FVG, 18—FVG, 19—FVG, 20—FVG, 21—FVG, 22—FVG, 23—FVG, 24—FVG, 25—FVG, 26—FVG, 27—FVG, 28—FVG, 29—FVG, 30—FVG, 31—FVG, 32—FVG, 33—FVG, 34—FVG, 35—FVG, 36—FVG, 37—FVG, 38—FVG, 39—FVG, 40—FVG, 41—FVG, 42—FVG, 43—FVG, 44—FVG, 45—FVG, 46—FVG, 47—FVG, 48—FVG, 49—FVG, 50—FVG, 51—FVG, 52—FVG, 53—FVG, 54—FVG, 55—FVG, 56—FVG, 57—FVG, 58—FVG, 59—FVG, 60—FVG, 61—FVG, 62—FVG, 63—FVG, 64—FVG, 65—FVG, 66—FVG, 67—FVG, 68—FVG, 69—FVG, 70—FVG, 71—FVG, 72—FVG, 73—FVG, 74—FVG, 75—FVG, 76—FVG, 77—FVG, 78—FVG, 79—FVG, 80—FVG, 81—FVG, 82—FVG, 83—FVG, 84—FVG, 85—FVG, 86—FVG, 87—FVG, 88—FVG, 89—FVG, 90—FVG, 91—FVG, 92—FVG, 93—FVG, 94—FVG, 95—FVG, 96—FVG, 97—FVG, 98—FVG, 99—FVG, 100—FVG.

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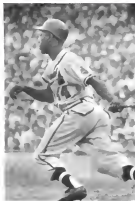
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# BASEBALL X-RAY



**AT MIDSEASON,** Mickey Mantle (above left) and Hank Aaron, who have dominated X-Ray's batting statistics all year, seem likely triple-crown winners. Williams, Mauer, Slevens and Skowron have also appeared weekly as batting, home-run and run-producing leaders. Pierce, Sanford, Wynn and Banning have consistently led the pitchers.

## TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (5/30 to 6/7)		Season	Pitches Per Week	
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
New York	8-1	889	50.26	5
Boston	5-3	875	42.34	4
Chicago	3-6	964	47.75	10
Kansas City	4-4	920	39.42	9
Baltimore	3-4	479	34.25	3
Detroit	3-5	375	34.38	8
Cleveland	2-5	288	29.39	4
Washington	2-4	250	25.55	3
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
St. Louis	7-2	378	44.31	9
Brooklyn	5-3	625	41.34	5
Philadelphia	4-3	571	40.34	4
Chicago	5-4	556	38.44	9
Cincinnati	4-4	509	44.38	9
Minnesota	3-5	375	43.34	10
Pittsburgh	2-5	296	37.48	4
New York	0-6	190	30.40	8

## TEAM LEADERS

Week	Batting	Season	Home Runs	Pitches	Season		
Skowron	419	Mantle	173	Mauer	27	Shantz	5-1
White	378	Williams	143	Williams	20	Brewer	5-7
Minors	408	Fair	318	Driggs	9	Pierce	17-8
Lozier	423	Conry	309	Conrad	14	Taafels	7-2
Gardner	421	Ward	118	Tranter	8	Lynn	9-4
F. Belling	364	Berkow	296	Mauer	37	Banning	10-2
Arcia	455	Woodling	174	Coltsie	12	Wynn	11-9
W. Belling	387	Lance	313	Sellers	19	Kerns	8-6
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Cincinnati	428	Mural	347	Mural	30	Jackson	30-4
Colum	344	Hodges	314	Snyder	18	Newcombe	8-8
Reynolds	480	Reynolds	378	Regulski	12	Sanford	10-2
Wells	387	Morgan	324	Banks	15	Davis	9-7
Covey	329	Robinson	314	Crowe	18	Aciker	9-3
Covington	423	Aaron	342	Aaron	27	Baki	6-4
Melvin	387	Fordy	290	Thomas	9	Perling	4-7
O'Connell	313	Mays	317	Mays	13	Gonzal	10-8

## HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (5/1 to 5/2)		Worst	
Batting (AL)	Mauer NY 273	Seattle Oct 204	
Batting (NL)	Fordy Phil 300	Jameson Bos 267	
Home run	Mauer NY 22	Agnew Cin 5	
Home run (AL)	(1 per 12 AB)	(200 AB)	
Home run (NL)	Aaron Min 77	Ashburn Phil 9	
Pitching (AL)	Pierce Cin 12.4	Stebbins Wash 2 12	
Pitching (NL)	Sanford Phil 39.2	Winer Phil 2 11	
ERA (AL)	Banning Phil 2.78	Stebbins Wash 7 14	
ERA (NL)	Puckey Phil 2.78	Ripkirk Cin 6 33	
Complete games (AL)	Pierce Cin 18	Grove Cin 1	
Complete games (NL)	(4-18 starts)	Lemon Cin 1	
Complete games (NL)	Newcombe Bos 16	Harbo Cin 3	
Team (NL)	Roberts Phil 39	(10-15 starts)	
Team (NL)	Kansas City 30	Baltimore 45	
Team (NL)	Philadelphia 50	Pittsburgh 44	
Team (NL)	Boston 397	Detroit 238	
Team (NL)	Cincinnati 297	Pittsburgh 298	
Team (NL)	Boston 716	Cleveland 822	
Team (NL)	Pittsburgh 758	Chicago 818	

## RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Team Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Mantle, NY (373)	71	35	106
Mauer, Cin (315)	49	47	97
Jameson, Bos (304)	50	47	97
Sellers, Wash (294)	50	39	89
Skowron, NY (330)	42	45	87
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Aaron, Min (342)	63	48	109
Mauer, St L (347)	49	48	95
Mays, NY (317)	56	35	91
Blancpain, St L (315)	56	29	85
Robinson, Cin (314)	57	26	83

## THE ROOKIES

AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Batting	Kubek NY 243	Kasko St L 244	
Home run	Moss Cin 9	Stockie Phil 39	
ERs	Moss Cin 30	Boukha Phil 45	
Pitching	Fraser Cin 3-4	Sanford Phil 39-2	

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## COMING EVENTS

July 12 through July 21

### FRIDAY, JULY 12

#### Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Division Race: Daytona, Fla.

NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Avondale, Ark.

#### Boxing

• Lalo Pizarro vs. Harold Conner, lightweight (10 rds.),

• Lucien, Ohio, 10 p.m. (NBC)

#### Horse Racing

National Marden Hurdle, \$7,500, 316 m., Maresworth Park, N.Y.

(EASTERN)

Brooklyn Memorial, \$55,000, Hingham, N.Y.

Bethesda Training Derby, \$15,000, Hingham, N.Y.

Massachusetts Training Derby, \$10,000, Foxboro, Mass.

### SATURDAY, JULY 13

#### Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Division Race: Buffalo

NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Eugene, Ore.

#### Baseball

• Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Milwaukee Braves: Pittsburgh, 7:25

p.m. (NBC)

• Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Cincinnati Reds: Brooklyn, 7:45

p.m. (CBS)

• New York Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals: New York, 7:35

p.m. (Mutual)

#### Boxing

Lucien, Wash., in Vancouver, B.C. International: Crusier

Race, Tacoma, Wash.

Port Huron-Mackinac Island Sailing Race, Port Huron, Mich.

#### Horse Racing

Arlington Classic, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 m., Arlington

Park, Ill.

Hollywood Gold Cup, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m.,

Hollywood Park, Calif.

Monmouth Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m.,

Monmouth Park, N.J.

The Hedges Game, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds (Stakes) 1 1/4 m.,

Belmont Park, N.Y.

(Golfers)

Brooklyn Memorial, \$15,000, 3-yr-olds, Hingham, N.Y.

#### Boxing

Cardinal George Championships, Port Dalrymple, Ont.

#### Tennis

USLTA Clay Court Championships: River Forest, Ill.

(through July 21)

• Pro Tournament of Champions: Forest Hills, N.Y. (also

July 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21) (CBS)

### SUNDAY, JULY 14

#### Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race: Lake Ark

SCCA National Race: Martinsburg, Md.

USAC 150-mile Stock Car Race: Milwaukee

#### Baseball

• Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Milwaukee Braves: Brooklyn, 7 p.m.

(Mutual)

#### Boxing

International Trophy Race: inboxes: St. Clair, Mich.

#### Golf

Tell of Derby Cup Senior Team Matches (American,

British & Canadian teams): West Falm, Scotland

### MONDAY, JULY 15

#### Baseball

• New York Giants vs. Chicago Cubs: New York, 7:25 p.m.

(Mutual)

#### Boxing

• Frankie Spinks vs. Tommy Salter: lightweight (10 rds.),

St. Paul, N.Y. (10:30 p.m. (DeMott))

#### Golf

Women's Western Amateur Golf Tournament: Omaha

(through July 20)

#### Tennis

USLTA Men's Eastern Clay Court Championships: Bristol

N.H. Pa. (through July 19)

USLTA Middle States Women's Clay Court Championships:

Philadelphia (through July 21)

USLTA Junior and Boy's Eastern Championships: Forest

Hills, N.Y. (through July 20)

### TUESDAY, JULY 16

#### Boxing

Paul Thompson vs. Gil Gaddy: featherweights (10 rds.),

Port Arthur, Texas

#### Golf

Montana Amateur Men's, Women's and Seniors' Tourna-

ment: Great Falls, Mont. (through July 17)

#### Shuffleboard

All States: Sherbrooke Tournament: Trenton, N.J.,

Mich. (through July 18)

#### Tennis

USLTA Men's Senior Eastern States Clay Court Cham-

psionships: Gwynedd, Pa.

# WEDNESDAY, JULY 17

- Baseball**
- New York Giants vs. Cincinnati Reds, New York, 7:25 p.m. (Mutual)
- Racing**
- Jerry Cardello vs. Chico Vega, middletowns, Leansville, 30 p.m. (ABC)
- Golf**
- PGA Championship Tournament, \$40,000, Gaylord (through July 21)
  - USGA Junior Amateur Championship Tournament, Washington, D.C. (through July 20)
- Horse Racing**
- The Action: \$20,000 2-yr-old fillies, 5 1/2 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.
  - Squireline Mile, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
  - The Lanesborough Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/16 m., Monmouth Park, N.J.
  - (Trailers)
  - Empire State Trotting Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

# THURSDAY, JULY 18

- Auto Racing**
- NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Columbia, S.C.
- Baseball**
- Brooklyn Dodgers vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Brooklyn, 7:25 p.m. (Mutual)
- Golf**
- New York State Senior Tournament, Rochester (through July 20)
- Horse Racing**
- Grand Stakes, \$15,000, 2-yr-olds, 6 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
  - (Trailers)
  - The Yonkers Stakes, \$40,000, Yonkers, N.Y.
  - Empire State Farming Classic, \$20,000, Vernon, N.Y.
- Rodeo**
- One of 47 World's Championship Rodeos, \$5,000, Salt Lake City (through July 24)

# FRIDAY, JULY 19

- Auto Racing**
- SCCA Grand Prix, Cooper N.B. Grand, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- Racing**
- Annual Regatta, Varna Cup races, Edgarstown, Mass. (through July 21)
  - Indian Harbor Yacht Club Invitation Course, Greenwich Conn. (through July 21)
- Horse Racing**
- (Trailers)
  - Great Midwest Stakes, \$12,000, Middletown, Ill.
- Rodeo**
- Ogden Pioneer Days, \$11,875, Ogden Utah (through July 24)
- Track & Field**
- London vs. New York, White City, London, England (through July 20)

# SATURDAY, JULY 20

- Auto Racing**
- Sprinter Twelve Road Race, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
  - Grand Prix of Europe, British Grand Prix, Andrea, England
  - NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Chicago
- Baseball**
- Cleveland Indians vs. New York Yankees, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
  - New York Giants vs. Milwaukee Braves, New York, 7:45 p.m. (CBS)
  - Pittsburgh Pirates vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Pittsburgh, 7:15 p.m. (NBC)
- Racing**
- Chicago's Mackinac Island Race, Chicago
  - National Indoor Championships, Gaithersburg, Md. (through July 21)
  - Lake Yacht Racing Association and Freeman Cup Race, Rochester, N.Y. (through July 21)
  - Mid-Ohio Regatta, Maize, Ind. Cup Race, unadmitted Indian, Lake Erie, Ohio (through July 21)
  - Massachusetts Race Week, Middleboro, Mass. (through July 21)
  - Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, N.Y. (through July 21)
  - (Trailers)
  - National River Championships, Philadelphia (through July 21)
- Horse Racing**
- The Mile, Woodbine, \$10,000, 3-yr-old fillies & f. Monmouth Park, N.J.
  - The Wyntermere, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- Tennis**
- Pro Tournament of Champions, Fells, Forest Hills, N.Y. (through July 21) (CBS)

# SUNDAY, JULY 21

- Auto Racing**
- NASCAR National Championship Race, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- Baseball**
- New York Giants vs. Milwaukee Braves, New York, 7:45 p.m. (Mutual)

\*See local listings.

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## ALTHEA THE

Queen Elizabeth watched Gibson and Hoad massacre the opposition at Wimbledon

WHILE THE British monarch—who prefers horse racing—watched, in a torrid heat which shriveled the courts, knocked out a thousand spectators and cost the athletes an average loss of weight of 10 pounds in a five-set match, Wimbledon last week elected its two crowned heads. Lew Hoad and Althea Gibson both won in a canter, as the Queen of England might like to put it, but immediately afterward tennis fans found themselves crying, "The King is dead, long live the Queen!" For King Lew abruptly abdicated his claim to the amateur throne by joining Jack Kramer's professional circus at the fattest fee ever offered a tennisman (\$125,000 for two years). And Queen Althea thereby became the amateur game's leading personality.

Here, it should be said, was not a personality which particularly appealed to Wimbledon crowds, who like their heroes to be chivalrous to a fault and noticeably human. Actually, Althea Gibson was human enough. She suffered from center-court nerves and the self-imposed responsibility of representing the whole Negro population of the United States of America.

The crowd handled her with silent respect until the semi-final, and then prepared to be partisan. Her opponent was a new star at Wimbledon, a shy, 16-year-old, statuesque, 5-foot-11 schoolgirl with amber-colored hair called Christine Truman. Christine has shown promise since she was 11 and for the last three years has been under the wing of the Lawn Tennis Association.

This was her first year at Wimbledon. She expected to get to the third round, perhaps. But at the end of the first week she electrified Wimbledon with an almost impeccable display which knocked out England's top-seeded Shirley Bloomer. Shirley is a baseline operator, a good all-round player but with no positive attacking strokes. Christine, reaching sudden tennis maturity, waded into Shirley, using a particularly zipping, probing forehand drive which had professionals comparing her with Helen Wills. The forehand was almost the only stroke of championship standard that Christine possessed. Her service was average country-club, her backhand unreliable and inclined to balloon and she frequently missed sitters when she got up to smash. Against Shirley Bloomer she had nothing to lose, and in this match brought out strokes which even she did not know she possessed. In the next round, the quarter-finals, she beat Betty Pratt, and the center court went wild. The more optimistic thought here at last was an English Little Mo. A more moderate school realized she had no chance of beating Althea Gibson but that she might put up a good show.

For the semifinals the center court was packed to its 17,000 capacity. Thirty-four thousand fingers were crossed when Truman and Gibson walked on. But this time Christine couldn't do anything right, and Gibson never let her think she could. From the beginning she crowded Truman, covering the net like a daddy longlegs. Christine's fore-

hand drive never got into gear. She seemed to have felt of lead. Pop went Christine's service; bang went Gibson's. It was like matching kitten against leopard. The center court hadn't even the heart left to cheer its young favorite, but watched the slaughter in shuddering silence.

Gibson's final against stocky little Darlene Hard was equally one-sided. Gibson wasn't playing at the top of her form, but she bulldozed her way through two sets, volleying superbly. She was the first representative of the Negro race ever to win a Wimbledon title, but the center court raised only an apathetic cheer when the Queen presented her with the big gold salver and Darlene hugged her with sisterly enthusiasm.

## MAKING HISTORY

While Miss Gibson was making some kind of sociological sporting history, Lew Hoad was breaking new ground for an amateur. It emerged that his \$100,000 contract with Jack Kramer was to be swollen by \$25,000 if he won at Wimbledon. In fact, this then-amateur won his bonus on finals day in exactly 55 minutes, thus playing at approximately \$455 a minute—surely the most expensive game of tennis ever known. Hoad straddled the tournament like a colossus. He showed the center court tennis such as no one remembered seeing before. It had the experts fumbling for comparisons in the limbo of championships long forgotten, dredging up names like Tilden and Vines. It left the center court gasping. It had watching competitors on their feet. It had the inevitability of a Greek tragedy, with Ashley Cooper as the poor suffering mortal and Hoad as an impersonal Zeus hurling down his thunderbolts. The golden boy at last completely fulfilled the potential he had shown at Wimbledon back in 1952.

Hoad's path to the finals was direct enough but showed no promise of the great things to come. Out in the sticks, the 13 other courts which flank the center court, where sometimes a lady umpire climbs the steep green ladder, Hoad sulked his way through the opening rounds. He objected to linesmen's voices, sneered at umpires, but most of all he hated himself. Netted shots, failed aces, ballooned returns, all sent him into a frenzy of self-reproach.

But he came through the first four rounds against indifferent opposition without losing a set. In the fifth round he met Mervyn Rose. His concentration was at a low ebb that day. He had trouble with Rose's kicking service. And for Hoad there is no such thing as a service ace from an opponent. Said Pat Hughes of Dunlop's, Hoad's guide and mentor in London, "If he doesn't hit that ball, wham, faster than it comes, he reckons he's a failure." Hoad netted

continued on page 16

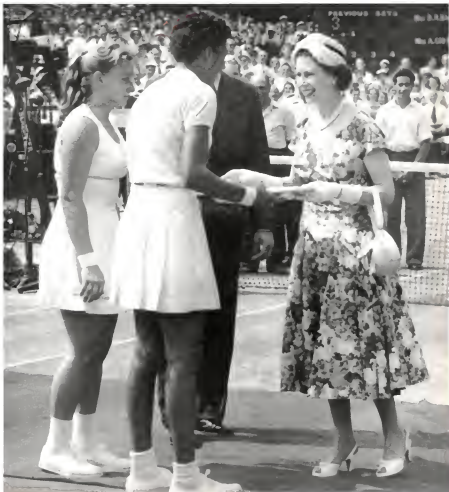
**A SMILE BETWEEN QUEENS:** First of her race to win a Wimbledon title, Althea Gibson receives her trophy from Elizabeth.

# FIRST

by JOAN BRUCE

## BRITAIN'S BIG WEEK

- Tennis history—of two kinds—was made
- The 'butler' won the golf Open (page 14)
- Henley had an all-American finale (page 16)



# THE BUTLER'S DAY

CONTRARY to general opinion in America, the sun does sometimes shine in Britain, and it shone unceasingly down on the shirt-sleeved faithful who followed the British Open championship for three days in ever-increasing numbers, rendering the historic Old Course at St. Andrews faster and faster as time went by.

Bobby Locke's winning total of 279 equals the championship record he set up at Troon in 1959 and beats by two shots the previous best at St. Andrews, and by six shots the 285 with which Bobby Jones won there in 1927. The South African's victory, and especially the manner of it, make this the supreme achievement of a career which already included three British Opens.

It has taken Locke 31 years to master the Old Course. On his first visit, as a boy of 18, he had been beaten in the first round of the Amateur Championship by Moety Dykes, who played in the Walker Cup match at Pine Valley that year and is a selector of the team which I look forward to accompanying to the Minikahda Club, Minneapolis next month. For the Open of 1939 he was beaten at the post by a 7 at the long 14th, and in 1946 by an 8 at the same hole.

At the 14th the drive has to carry between the out-of-bounds walk on the right and the dreaded deep bunkers,

called the "beardies" on the left, into a plateau which for 200 years has been known—and not for nothing—as the "Elysian Fields." In the first round last week 96 players amassed between them two 4s, 25 6s, innumerable 7s, an 8, a 9 and a 10 at this hole.

The first round saw 67s by the British professionals Eric Brown, who beat Lloyd Mangrum in the 1953 Ryder Cup match, and Laurie Ayton, a massive 240-pounder from St. Andrews, who had done the same score in the first round there two years previously. The Open was held again here so soon because petrol rationing during the Suez affair forced the committee to change it to a place accessible by train, which the original venue, Muirfield, is not.

Next, with 68, came the young Australian player Bruce Crampton, who, judging by his printed comments on clubhouses, courses and crowds, seems to have an outside chip on both shoulders. Always in with a chance, he was destined to blunder his way out of the picture, poor fellow, halfway through the final round. Locke was in with 69, Middlecoff was 72, Thomson 73 and Stranahan, always a greater danger here than he is in the States, 74. On the second day it was Brown 139, Van Donck of Belgium 140, Locke and Crampton 141, others 142, Middlecoff

143 and Stranahan 145. Middlecoff was undoubtedly on the way up. After first qualifying only with difficulty, by now he had played four rounds, each of which was lower than the one before. Stooping over his putter with bowed head, like a human question mark, he seemed at last to be finding his touch on the greens.

## COURSE OF CONFUSION

He proved, let it be said, a most popular visitor to St. Andrews, a golf course which is liable both to confuse and infuriate till you have had time to appreciate its unique qualities. Unlike any other course in the world, it has no fairways in the accepted sense but only a strip of golfing ground which people on the way out share with those on the way in. On all but four holes they share the huge double greens, each with two flags on them 30 or 40 yards apart.

In the first round, Middlecoff, after galloping around in three hours and 25 minutes, which is about an hour less than he habitually takes at home, had contrived to lose no fewer than 50 minutes on the couple in front and was the subject of protest from those behind. In reply he was quoted as declaring, "Surely there is plenty of time. After all, it is light till 11." The committee intimated that it would be appreciated

CARY MIDDLECOFF, IN THE ROUGH AT THE 12TH, WAS SLOW BUT POPULAR AT ST. ANDREWS: 30 INCHES FROM GLORY. "ARCHBISHOP"





it took Bobby Locke 21 years to master the famous Old Course at St. Andrews, but he spread-eagled the field in the 97th British Open

by HENRY LONGHURST

If he could keep his place, and this he afterwards managed to do. No hard feelings on either side.

A third-round 68 by Locke almost spread-eagled the field, and 209 left him three shots ahead of Peter Thomson and Brown, with the rest, including Middlecoff and Stranahan, virtually nowhere. Brown opened the final round with a birdie 3, but then chalked up a 6 and never got back in the hunt. For the first time in Open championship history, the field was sent out in reverse order, with the leaders starting last, and this was to prove the ultimate test of Locke's golfing nerve. Often within handshaking distance of his Australian runner-up, Locke had to endure the uneasy sensation of hearing mighty cheers as Thomson registered five successive 3s.

He survived it. He survived the drive at the 14th this time and, when Thomson had had putts for a birdie slip agonizingly past at each of the three holes, the stage was set for his triumphant finish. What a stage it is—and what a finish he produced.

The first and 18th holes make one big green rectangle, from which all spectators are barred. At one end the Royal and Ancient clubhouse presides over the first tee and the 18th green. To the right the golden sands stretch away to the coast and Carnoustie. On



FROM BUTLER TO ARCHBISHOP. HE SURVIVED CHEERS WITHIN HANDSHAKING DISTANCE

the far side of the 18th a line of tall gray buildings—hotels, clubs and old 'Tom Morris' original shop among them—make the perfect grandstand. Every window is crammed, and there are even people clinging to the chimney pots.

Into this arena there strolled the familiar portly figure in the white cap and dark plus fours—looking, as someone observed, rather like an archbish-

op's huttler. His drive is up the middle, and now he has an eight-iron, and 5 to win. With his curious closed stance he seems to be aiming into the hotel dining room, but he knows what he is about. The ball soars high against the blue sky, and with a single short bounce plops down within a yard of the flag.

He is no longer the archbishop's butler. He is the archbishop himself. **END**

LOCKE (BELOW, CENTER) LINES UP HIS LAST PUTT. PETER THOMSON (BELOW, RIGHT) FINISHED THREE STROKES BEHIND THE WINNER



# BIG RED TAKES IT ALL

First the Russians, then Yale, fell before mighty Cornell's drive to victory at the Henley Regatta

by JOHN LOVESEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN HEND

AS CORNELL'S crew moved its shell *Spirit of '57* away from the landing stage on the last day of the Henley Royal Regatta, they passed Princeton's 150-pound eight on the water. Princeton had just won the Thames Challenge Cup, and one exuberant Tiger oarsman yelled across the Thames: "Go get them, Cornell!" Cornell's cox, Carl Schwarz, barked a crisp order, and his well-drilled, massive crew leaped into the oars and pulled to the start for their race against Yale, in the first all-American final of the Grand Challenge Cup. A becupped and blazered Henley veteran watching them go murmured: "Today they prove whether or not they really are the finest crew in the world."

The race between Yale and Cornell was to be the final bout of an intense—almost bitter—two-year rivalry. They were probably the finest crews in American rowing history. In 1956 Yale beat Cornell for the honor of representing the United States at the Melbourne Olympics. The Big Red had never got over that. This year, before coming to Henley, Cornell had beaten Yale twice, once by a length and once by a foot. Yale had never finished stomaching the two defeats.

The last time each university had sent eights to Henley was in the 1890s, Cornell in 1895 and Yale in 1896. In both cases the American crews lost.

As fate would have it, and Yale certainly would not admit otherwise, both crews turned up at Henley for the 1957 Royal Regatta. By a further coincidence, the draw for the Grand Challenge Cup, Henley's premier award for eights, put Yale and Cornell in opposite halves of the competition, meaning they could meet in the final. Of the four other crews in the contest only a Russian eight, Club Krasnoe Znamia, stood in the way of an all-American ending, and a terrific climax to a rowing rivalry.

Yale arrived on the river a week before Cornell, and Yale's coach, Jim Rathschmidt, expressed confidence. His



THIS IS THE MOMENT OF VICTORY AND THE MOMENT OF DEFEAT.

present crew, Rathschmidt said, minus four of the Melbourne eight, had not so far shown the speed of his Olympic combination. But Rathschmidt felt that they "might be capable of some really fast times now."

Both Rathschmidt and Cornell's quiet coach, Harrison (Stork) Sanford, had to adopt the Henley practice of coaching from the towpath. Astride a borrowed bike, coping with a megaphone and a stop watch, tall and lanky Sanford made a hilarious figure.

Sanford was worried. Although he considered it a sign of champions, his trouble with Cornell, he said, was inconsistency. "My big problem," he explained, "is bringing them to their peak at the right time on the right day."

Cornell soon proved their coach could do it. The Grand Challenge draw gave a bye to Cornell into the semifinals, where they met the Russian eight.

Club Krasnoe Znamia had been picked for Henley in national trials, so the race was virtually an America versus Russia match. On Friday throngs of spectators lined the banks and floated in punts. Even the elegant throng in the exclusive stewards' enclosure was impatiently excited.

As Cornell expected, their red-vested opponents put in a terrific burst at the start, and led for most of the race. At one point Club Krasnoe Znamia's tough, well-muscled and bronzed crew was just about three-quarters of a length ahead, but Cornell never let it get out of striking distance.



PEEBLE BLATION SWEEPED THROUGH THE CORNELL CREW (LEFT), BUT FOR THE YALE EIGHT THERE WAS ONLY EXHAUSTED EMPTINESS

When the Americans finally pulled out all the stops on the last section of the one-mile 550-yard course, the Russians had no answer to Cornell's amazing power. Cornell crossed the line a length ahead and clocked the astounding time of six minutes 30 seconds, eight seconds better than the previous best time in the Grand Challenge Cup. Since 1839 only three other races have been rowed in less than six minutes 50 seconds.

Soon after, Yale won its semifinal and set the scene for the climactic day.

#### IN THE BODY

On Saturday morning Jim Rathschmidt paced nervously, chain-smoking cigarets. He said he had planned for Yale to beat Cornell "in the body of the race." He added: "We're in great shape and ready to go."

Cornell's cox, Carl Schwarz, reckoned his crew's chances were better than ever and explained: "If we row like we did yesterday, we can beat Yale. Our only worry is what our race against the Russians did to us."

It started at midafternoon in scorching heat. The course was slow. In place of the tail wind, which had helped Cornell set their record the day before, there was a head wind.

Cornell started high, stroking 45. Yale pulled at 42. But at the quarter-mile neither crew had gained an advantage. Shortly after, however, Cornell drew ahead by a deck.

Schwarz let Yale know about it. At the mile Cornell drew ahead a little more, increasing its lead to a quarter of a length. Yale stepped up its stroke, but to no avail. Near the end, Schwarz called for Cornell's full power in the last 30 strokes. Explained Cornell's Stroke Phil Gravink afterwards: "It's like doing a sprint." The burst sent the glinting cedar shell past the finish line half a length ahead of Yale. The time was six minutes 53 seconds.

Afterward, in the boathouse, Yale's coarsmen could hardly speak. Looking over at the happy Cornell men, Yale's sweat-stained captain, Don Beer, could only say: "That's a great crew there."

Jim Rathschmidt sadly explained, "We rowed as well as we could, but it wasn't good enough."

Stork Sanford cheerfully allowed himself to smile about his crew's great triumphs on two successive days. "Strange thing is," mused Sanford, "they seemed fresher after today's race than yesterday. We have a great deal of respect for Yale, but we reckoned if we could hold them over the first mile, they couldn't beat us on the finish. Our race worked out as planned."

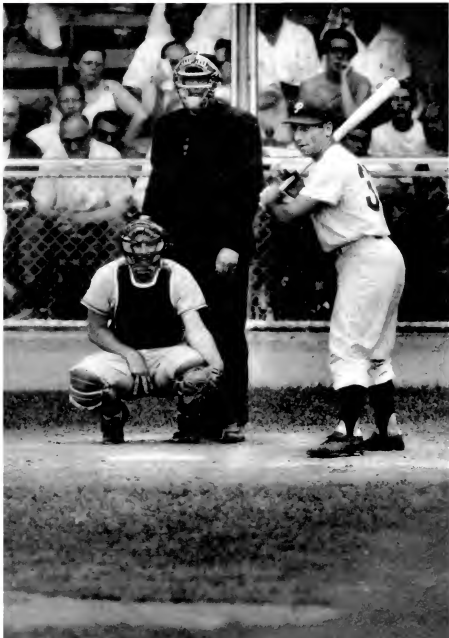
The Big Red had won all the honors rowing had to give. But the final honor—the one the crew wanted most—came not from Henley, but from Sanford, a quiet man not given to superlatives. "This Cornell crew," he said deliberately, "is the greatest crew I've ever had." (END)

**THE WONDERFUL  
WORLD OF SPORT**

# THE CAMERA CATCHES A THIEF

To bring spectators a new perspective on home plate, Staff Photographer John G. Zimmerman focused his powerful new 2,000-mm. telephoto lens on the July 4 double-header between the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Phillies at Connie Mack Stadium and came up with this remarkable picture. From a front-row seat in the center-field bleachers Zimmerman's lens caught Base Runner Willie Jones (No. 6) in the act of stealing signals from Giant Catcher Ray Katt. This intelligence, which was immediately relayed in code to Batter Joe Lonnett, proved so helpful that on the next pitch he smashed out a two-run homer





## A BIG CHOICE IN TEXAS

**A** FILLING STATION in Abilene, Texas did a whopping business this spring. "Most of the visitors came with an empty tank," says Bill Gregory, the proprietor, "and I wasn't afraid of them filling up anywhere else." The reason for all of this unsolicited prosperity was Bill's son, Glynn, perhaps the most remarkable and the most promising high school athlete in Texas history. At 18 and still a growing boy, Glynn stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 190 pounds and moves with the grace and speed of a cheetah. At Abilene High he led the football team to 37 straight victories and three state championships, and Old Pro Sammy Baugh, who has seen several generations of Texas high school players, said Glynn was the greatest he had ever seen. Last season Glynn scored 23 touchdowns, kicked 56 extra points and carried the ball for 1,130 yards.

With graduation time coming on for Glynn Gregory, college scouts from coast to coast poured into Abilene like gold miners into the Klondike, arriving at the Gregory service station on their last tencup of gasoline. Soon Glynn had offers from more than 30 colleges. Since Glynn was an all-state catcher and a fine switch hitter on the baseball team, he was even offered a \$75,000 bonus to sign with the Cleveland Indians, but he turned that down quickly. "You can't value a college education in dollars and cents," he said. "But I think a college education is worth a million, as far as that goes."

It wasn't long before Glynn was off on a hectic two-week tour of college campuses on which he never once paid for a meal or for lodging. He went to the NCAA track meet in Austin, Texas as the guest of the University of Texas, and he visited the University of Oklahoma campus in Norman, where he was treated like visiting royalty by All-American Jerry Tubbs and Tommy McDonald. Vastly impressed, he told his father, "Tubbs really leveled with me." Said Bill, "Son, he didn't level with you unless he told you something he didn't like about the place. No place is perfect." Glynn's Uncle Romeo said, "If you go to Oklahoma, I'll travel 500 miles just to stand on the sidelines and sing *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You*."

Finally, Glynn narrowed his choice down to Oklahoma, Texas, Baylor or Southern Methodist. Baseball scouts advised him to choose Texas, where he could get big league preparation from Coach Bibb Falk; his mother and girl friend plumped for Baylor because of the family's Baptist background. When the day of decision came, each school had a representative at the ready in Abilene. The confused, worried youngster turned to his father for advice. "Daddy, where do you want me to go?" he asked. His father: "Son, that's the same question you asked me an hour ago and I'm giving the same answer: make up your own mind."

Glynn went back to work at his father's filling station and there decided he would go to Baylor. Before he had a chance to act on that decision, SMU Coach Bill Meek drove up. Glynn was washing a car at the time and the



GLYNN GREGORY FILLS TANK AT HIS FATHER'S SERVICE STATION

SMU coach talked to him for a long time about the advantages of the Dallas institution. Since the very beginning, Meek had been one of Glynn's most persistent suitors—so much so that in the weeks of this long courtship Meek saw his 2½-month-old daughter a scant three times. Now he finally convinced Glynn to sign a letter of intent with SMU. The long manhunt had ended.

Glynn's decision was based upon a thoughtful appraisal of the career of another great Texas athlete—SMU's Doak Walker. Walker has made a tidy fortune through the friendships he built up as an All-America at Southern Methodist. "If I ever get that good," Glynn says, "there isn't any limit to what I could do as far as business contacts go."

Thinking back over the wild rush period, one meal stood out in Glynn's mind. On the way to the Dallas airport after a visit to SMU, Glynn and a teammate stopped at a drive-in hamburger hut. Each had a hamburger, and they paid the check themselves. "That was the best meal we've had in months," says Glynn. "We've eaten things we couldn't even pronounce the names of, but that plain old hamburger, with no strings attached, was the best-tasting thing we had."

EWG

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE NEW PRO LOOK IN TENNIS • THE CAMERA MOVERS OVER SECOND BASE •

WHAT IS SKIATRON, ANYWAY? • LUKE LASTER'S SECOND SIGHT • FLOYD AND

PETE IN SEATTLE • ANTHOLOGY OF TAURONACHY • SQUAW VALLEY SQUABBLE

## JUNIOR VARSITY

THREE DAYS after he won the Wimbledon championship for the second time (see page 12), Lew Hoad turned professional. The contract he signed with Promoter Jack Kramer should become a document for tennis history if only because it guarantees him \$125,000 for two years' service—by far the greatest salary ever paid to a tennis pro. But more significantly, from the point of view of tennis, it marks the departure of the last outstanding amateur into the ranks of the pros.

Now the round robin pro tournament that Jack Kramer is staging on the sacrosanct courts of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills next week (and repeating a week later in Los Angeles) becomes the most attractive event on the tennis calendar for 1957. For it matches all the top talent of the moment—Lew Hoad himself along with the champion, Pancho Gonzales, Ken Rosewall, Tony Trabert, Pancho Segura and Frank Sedgman. The very fact that they will appear at all on the sacred lawn of Forest Hills—for so long the exclusive preserve of the amateurs—is a kind of tacit admission by the tennis fathers of the current poverty of amateur tennis.

The amateur season will, of course, be played through to its normal conclusion, which this year happens to be the Davis Cup Challenge Round in Australia in December. But the titles to be filled, and indeed the Cup itself, will represent little more than consolation prizes—a playoff among the members of the junior varsity.

## A POINT OF VIEW

AFTER TWO MONTHS of experiment at Yankee Stadium, New York's television station WPIX has begun giving parlor baseball fans a view of the game which no spectator—or player—

has ever seen (although a somewhat similar outlook is available on page 18). Through the eye of a long lens mounted above the top seats in the center-field bleachers, the viewer peers over the pitcher's shoulder at batter, catcher and plate umpire. The new look took a good deal of doing, for the Yankees didn't want opposing teams stealing their own catcher's signs nor did they want to be accused of stealing the signals of teams visiting in the stadium. The problem was solved by placing the viewer behind and above the pitcher, so that one has the impression of hanging in mid-air 20 feet above the second baseman's head. Even at this distance, however, curves break spectacularly. The new look, which is used only spasmodically as a "color shot" during most games, tends, however, to give the viewer a curious feeling of schizophrenia. When the game is watched from behind the plate, almost anyone, viewing it from the batter's viewpoint, subconsciously wants to overwhelm

the pitcher—the enemy—with a hit. The new shot, however, makes every viewer a pitcher for a few moments; the batter becomes a figure of menace and, as the pitcher throws, it is hard, indeed, not to wish the ball over the corner of the plate on every pitch in order completely to outwit and annihilate the batter.

Thus it is that the new television angle eloquently demonstrates the importance of a point of view.

## PLANNED CONFUSION

RIDING TO HOUNDS is as important to the good people of Leicestershire, England, as drinking kickapoo joy juice is to the folks down in Dogpatch. Nonetheless, Leicestershire, like Dogpatch, still has its independent thinkers, and one such is Dave Campbell of the village of Melton Mowbray. Campbell takes the same jaundiced view of fox hunting that drove Oscar Wilde to

*continued*

## CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

### • Appointment in Chicago

Kentucky Derby winner Iron Liege and Preakness winner Bold Ruler will be at it again in this week's Arlington Classic for \$160,000. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Bold Ruler's trainer, related last week that his horse has had two shots for sleeping sickness but, "he'll be wide awake on Saturday."

### • Second Choice

Jimmy Carpenter, versatile Abilene, Texas teammate of Glynn Gregory (see page 20) will attend the University of Oklahoma on a football and baseball scholarship. Since OU and SMU, Gregory's chosen school, never play each other, Carpenter and Gregory will never match skills. Carpenter, like Gregory, was All-State in football and baseball.

### • Baseball, Mexican

Mexico is now turning its attention to baseball. Although Branch Rickey Jr.'s recent baseball school (a cover-up for a Pittsburgh talent hunt) was shunned, season attendance at the 30,000-seat Social Security ball park in Mexico City will be exceeded only by that in Chicago and New York.

### • Great Outdoors

The outdoor life is growing by leaps and bounds. By the end of the year the National Park Service expects at least 39 million visitors, up 4 million over last year. Most popular park is the Great Smokies in Tennessee (SI, April 22).

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

describe it as "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the unsuitable."

So it is that Dave Campbell and his wife have been spending their summer months training a domesticated fox and vixen named Simon and Sally. When the hunting season starts in September, the Campbells intend to load Simon and Sally into the family car and follow the chase. Once the hounds are on a spoor Simon and Sally will be released in front of the pack with the sole purpose of so confusing the scent that the hounds won't know



where to turn next. This accomplished, the Campbells will whistle for Simon and Sally, load them back into the car and await the next chase. If the plan works, the hounds of Leicestershire will indeed lead a dog's life.

## SOUNDINGS FROM OUT WEST

THE ENDLESS palaver that goes on these days about the Brooklyn Dodgers moving to Los Angeles invariably includes a reference to something called Skiatron (with a long i). It seems that during one of the early meetings on this omnipresent subject, the mayor of San Francisco inadvertently told an alert Chicago reporter that Skiatron had paid the Dodgers \$2 million for closed-circuit TV rights to all their home games in Los Angeles. Suddenly the Skiatron stock, which at that point had been lethargically traded for the past year (about 100 shares a day at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ), went crazy, as they say on Wall Street. Its price doubled, and it was moving at 30,000 or so shares a day. In fact, you could almost follow the fluctuating prospects of baseball's migration to the Pacific shores by watching the activity in Skiatron.

The boom started with Mayor George Christopher's premature announcement on May 31. A short while later, Walter O'Malley, the president of the Dodgers, said that Skiatron was not a factor in the Dodgers' proposed move, and the stock dropped  $\frac{1}{4}$  point. Matthew Fox, the rotund, genial entrepreneur who controls Skiatron, replied that discussions were certainly on with the Dodgers but that all speculation was premature. He would, he said,

make no definite statement until September, so Skiatron dipped another  $\frac{1}{2}$  point.

Which brings up the question: what in the world is Skiatron? Technically, it is one of the three currently feasible methods of pay television developed by major companies, and it involves broadcasting the TV signal in a scrambled or coded form, thus requiring a decoder to be attached to your set at home. Once a special electronic card is placed in the decoder, the image is plainly received. Subscribers to the system would receive their cards monthly and mail them in at the end of the month, paying for the programs actually viewed. The retail cost of a decoder is now estimated by Skiatron officials at \$40, but this price might drop to \$25 or even \$10 with mass production. In addition to the cost of installation and whatever is charged for a look at the ball game, Skiatron officials believe they would probably have to impose a minimum weekly charge to each of their subscribers of something like \$2.50.

Neither Skiatron nor the other pay TV schemes—such as Zenith Radio's Phonovision and Paramount Pictures' Telemeter—would necessarily affect the free TV now available; they would just be a supplemental service at a price. That price, as estimated by one expert on the subject, is enough to dull the sporting appetite of quite a few armchair fans but hardly that of the investors. It has been figured, for instance, that a World Series game would cost a dollar, and that the potential audience would be 30 million.

Only last week the Los Angeles Board of Public Utilities approved Skiatron's application for a franchise to operate closed-circuit pay TV in their area, although final approval by the city council is still necessary before the franchise becomes official. Wall Street took this to mean that the Dodgers really are going to Los Angeles and that pay television is going to appear there with them. For the Skiatron stock jumped to \$7.75 with this latest news.

## HAPPY EASTER

ONE EVENING in Buffalo not too long ago, Mrs. Irene Luedke, a 56-year-old grandmother, was sitting peacefully in the front room of her house at 128 Woodlawn Avenue, when, as she related later, "I heard this terrible crash. I thought for sure someone had dropped an atom bomb on the roof. I quick ran out of the front door and there was

this ball, rolling toward the front of the porch." The missile that dropped on Mrs. Luedke's roof was a home run off the bat of the Buffalo Bisons' first baseman, a monumental fellow with the refreshing name of Luscious Luke Easter, who may be recalled as a one-time Cleveland first baseman with a bum knee and an up-and-down record.

It should here be pointed out that 128 Woodlawn Avenue is almost directly behind the center-field scoreboard of the Bisons' ball park and some 412 feet from home plate. Allowing for the 60-foot-high scoreboard, the full, natural carry of the ball that struck Mrs. Luedke's roof was estimated at 550 feet, the longest home run ever hit in Buffalo and the first to soar over the scoreboard. Curiously, about a year before Easter hit this heroic homer, he could not even see the scoreboard. At that time, Easter was hitting .300 and floundering afield.

Then one night, Dr. Marvin H. Milch, a prominent Buffalo ophthalmologist was watching a game with his friend and patient, Harry Baglier, vice-president and business manager of the Bisons. Milch observed the inept Easter with a professional eye. After several innings, he turned to Baglier. "I think I know what's wrong with that big fellow," he said. "He's nearsighted. He doesn't even see the ball until it's halfway to the plate. Notice how late he swings. And when he is in the field, watch how slow he is getting the jump on the ball."

Baglier watched and agreed. He promptly set up an appointment for Easter with Dr. Milch. When Easter



came for his examination, he admitted he couldn't see the ball too well. "I couldn't even read the chart in his office," Easter says.

Once fitted with glasses, Easter proudly announced: "I can see the scoreboard. I can see real good." His batting average bore him out, rising rapidly to .306 by the end of the season. This year he is expected to break the club record of 45 home runs. He had 26 at week's end.

With Easter happy and ophthalmology triumphant, that leaves only Mrs. Luedke, who still has the baseball. She intends to keep it. "A man offered me \$25 for it," she says, "but he never came back. I'll probably present it to

continued





continued

the Blasons as a souvenir. I can't give it to any of my grandchildren because I have 16 of them and to give it to one wouldn't be fair to the others."

## NEW KIND OF CHAMPION

EVEN WITH advance ticket sales for the first heavyweight championship fight in Seattle's history hotter than a bowl of Mexican chili, Promoter Jack Hurley was fit to be tied. Busybodies from all over were complaining that Champion Floyd Patterson would make hamburger out of Amateur Pete Rademacher, the hometown Olympic champion whom Hurley was throwing into the same ring in a Seattle ball park on August 22 in one of the strangest matches of boxing's Ripley-esque history (SI, July 8).

Back in New York, Boxing Commissioner Julius Helfand had just fired another angry letter to Floyd Stevens, president of the National Boxing Association, suggesting the expulsion and boycotting of the state of Washington "if it permits this contest to be held in defiance of your order."

"Rademacher is an amateur in standing only," Hurley cried to his critics. "You can kick this fight to death, but if you do, be ready for the biggest turnout you ever saw at a funeral. Why, right now, ringside goes all the way out to the center-field fence, and if these idiots [meaning Helfand and the NBA] don't get off my back, I'm gonna move it up to the bleachers."

The three-man Washington boxing commission was with Hurley 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ %, its chairman, Dr. Charles P. Larson, let it be known as he announced approval of the show. "I'm sure the NBA will not take capricious action without hearing both sides," he proclaimed. "We're dues-paying members. The fight is going to be held, and if Rademacher wins, he is going to be world heavyweight champion from the great Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains and from the border of the great Dominion of Canada south to the banks of the mighty Columbia River."

What he meant was: champion of the state of Washington—but his tongue ran away.

## YANKEE TRIBUTE

IN THE LAST three decades a sizable body of bullfight aficionados has been growing up in the U.S. Maybe it all started with Ernest Hemingway's

*Death in the Afternoon*, the definitive book in the English language on bullfighting in the minds of many U.S. devotees. Now comes an anthology of bullfighting literature (*Biography of the Bulls*, Rinehart & Co., Inc., \$7.95), compiled by Rex Smith, an American Airlines vice-president who has spent a good many of the last 35 years following the *festa brava*. Although Smith includes nothing in his book from *Death in the Afternoon*—because, he explains, of the book's familiarity—Hemingway is represented by a fine short story, *Capital of the World*.

Smith first applied himself to the arts of the *faena* and the *paseo natural* as a young A.P. correspondent in Spain and South America during the early 1920s. There he devoured as much of the native literature of the *corrida* as he could find, and his eloquent translations of the best of these writings are collected in this glossy new anthology, along with art work by old masters and new. Something of a poet himself, he has also contributed some translations from the Spanish which are saturated with the emotion of this thoroughly Hispanic spectacle.

It has been well argued that nobody but a Spaniard can thoroughly understand and appreciate the spectacle of the bull ring. In an article written specially for Smith's anthology, John Steinbeck tends to agree, but he does concede that an occasional foreigner can absorb the emotion of the event. "A great bullfight brings the exaltation great music does and great poetry. One carries for a time afterward the satisfaction and the knowledge that man is no weakling in a dreadful world—that by his bravery, his versatility

and his merits he can survive anything the world can bring against him."

## THE SIERRA GRUDGE

AT LAST LOOK Squaw Valley was definitely chosen as the site of the 1960 Olympics (SI, April 22), but Wayne Poulsen, an airline pilot who doubles as a Nevada real estate promoter, was threatening to hold up the works by refusing to lease 32 of the 1,260 acres he owns in the valley to the Olympic Committee for essential parking, sewage disposal and other improvements. Poulsen was in turn demanding that his own plan for the development of facilities in the valley be followed, or else he refused to play ball.

This is all an outgrowth of an old personal feud between Poulsen and Alec Cushing, who replaced Poulsen as head of the Squaw Valley Ski Corporation five years ago, shortly after it first opened. The fact that Poulsen has since profited well from Squaw Valley skiing fever by selling off lots for ski lodges at handsome prices, and that Cushing almost single-handedly corralled the 1960 Olympics for the valley, hasn't eased the tension between these two rugged individualists. Each hopes to make a good thing out of the new Olympic facilities once the Games are over.

Meanwhile, a bill passed by the California legislature gave the California Olympic Commission the right to condemn as much of Poulsen's land as necessary by eminent domain so the committee could get on with its work. Still hoping, however, that Poulsen would cooperate of his own accord, the committee asked him to meet them any time up to July 1 to iron out any difficulties.

Well, the first of July came and went without any change of heart in Poulsen. If anything, he was even more adamant, putting his lawyers to work to block the condemnation proceedings for as long as possible. This could be a serious setback to California's hopes for staging a fine Olympics in 1960. Poulsen can probably hold out in court until the end of the summer, which means that none of the construction needed before the winter snows blanket the Sierra will be started. That would leave only one summer and one winter for building and testing the Olympic facilities before the contestants begin to arrive. If this is Poulsen's strategy, and it is successful, Squaw Valley may well lose its Winter Olympics and America its first chance to see them in 28 years.



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A breath of a breeze,  
He hopelessly sits  
With a fan on his knees.  
—F. E. WHITE

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# The Missing Link

*After a lifetime high in the air, Edwin Link, America's inventive genius, has now disappeared into the ocean in search of long-buried clues to early maritime history*

by COLES PHINIZY

AT AGE 52, Edwin Albert Link of Binghamton, N.Y., has 20-20 vision, crow's-feet in the corners of his eyes, a Roman nose and not much hair. Ed Link lives with his wife Marion and two sons in a 10-room stucco house on a residential acre of Binghamton. Outwardly he would pass as a local bank president or some such well-anchored pillar of the community. He walks, talks and drives a car with a slow ease that bespeaks a sense of permanence and well-being; but Link is not a banker, and he is not very well anchored. Functionally Ed Link is part fish and part fowl, a restless sort of aquatic bird with a habit of disappearing frequently into the sky or sea.

Link began disappearing 30 years ago. In the '20s he left his father's organ factory for a sputtering flying career, barnstorming and doing aerial mapping in the thin, chill air at 20,000 feet. Before he was 26, using the bellows principle of the organ and assorted scraps, Link had invented machinery and was developing training methods which helped catapult the air world through the next decade at double pace. Today, even in the air-minded Pentagon, when he is there on business visits, Link is rarely recognized. The Link face is not familiar, but everybody knows what a Link trainer is. In a quarter century about two million pilots—American and foreign—have been Link-trained.

As might be expected, Link's disappearances long ago prompted the nickname, "Missing Link." Friends now merrily point out that of late Ed, the missing Link, seems to be evolving in two directions at once. He still spends much of his worktime furthering navigation in the wild blue yonder. But he now spends all of his free time in the blue underwater, groveling on the sea bottom for scraps of old ships whose navigators never made port. As an aeronaut, Link has been honored by colleges, societies and grateful governments. As chairman of the board of Link Aviation, Inc., producing flight simulators costing up to \$1 million, Aeronaut Link prospers materially. Diver

Link's yield on an average day of digging in an old wreck would not buy breakfast for a flounder.

Wreck hunting—a serious, exhaustive search—is necessarily slow and seldom more than intellectually rewarding. While Link has been at it only six years, it is doubtful if any explorer now works the bottom as fast and efficiently. Link has a constantly ticking mind that cannot dwell on anything without making improvements. He still grovels underwater, but it is now groveling of a mechanical, electronic, indeed, supersonic sort. He equipped his 65-foot shrimp trawler, *Sea Diver*, with radar, sonar, loran and echo-ranging depth finders, cramming into the engine room diesel generators supplying 110 and 220 A.C. current to run compressors, welders, a drill press, a metal lathe, a four-ton boom and an air-suction lift for clearing sand and debris from the wrecks. For a big hunt, Link carries on deck a 19-foot cruiser, the *Keef Diver*, and a 15-foot *Wee Diver*, both equipped with submarine ports. For closer searches right on the bottom, he uses an underwater metal detector and a one-man battery-driven underwater vehicle, the *Power Diver*, which he developed with Bludworth Marine, an affiliate of Link Aviation.

Ed Link's ears are ordinary enough in appearance, but they have, in the midst of all this throbbing machinery, developed remarkable powers. When the *Sea Diver* is on a wreck site, to other ears the mutterings of half a dozen motors and pumps fuse in a general hum, but Link, sitting on deck, will suddenly vince like a symphony conductor hearing a flute squeak. "That doesn't sound right," he will exclaim in the middle of a conversation, then quietly disappear—into the engine room, into the aft hold or into the sea—to fix whatever is throbbing out of tune.

Belaboring the sea bottom with all these machines, a Link expedition makes great progress. But there are still many slow hours when the only sure way is to pick through the silt by hand, sifting the rubble with the *délicatesse* of an archaeologist. For a man who also leads a fast life in the air, it should be exasperating, but Link gets a calm satisfaction from contributing both to the air future and naval history. The first Link air trainer is now in the Smithsonian

eastward

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER STACKPOLE

**SUBMARINE RIDER** on his one-man undersea vehicle, Ed Link searches Kingston harbor for traces of sunken city of Port Royal.

## Missing Link

continued

Institution. Also in the Smithsonian, in a glass case hard by the scale model of the *Box Horse Richard*, there is what looks like a rusty pipe. This pipe is an open-breech iron cannon of a crude fire-belching type that sometimes belched out the wrong end and carried away the cannoner's head. The type went out of use about 1550; the Smithsonian's sample—probably the oldest known weapon recovered from waters of the New World—was dug out of a Bahamian reef by Ed Link. In a Haitian museum there is a long-shanked anchor of a type that went out of use shortly after Columbus' discovery. It was found by a Link expedition to Cap Haitien, where Columbus' crew ran the *Santa Maria* on a reef after a boozy Christmas Eve in 1492. The Link anchor is probably from the *Santa Maria*—it is with little doubt the oldest relic from western waters.

In the first boom years of diving, the cry, "I know where there is an old cannon," was a bombshell in any clump of sport divers. In smart diving circles today, an old-cannon announcement is the mark of a real square. As the traffic underwater gets heavier and heavier, a host of new divers now are seeing the same old cannons, or coral-encrusted forms that look like old cannons. But what looks like the encrusted gun of an old wood ship may turn out to be a sawpipe of the steam packet *Annie B. Teaf*. On the other hand, what looks like a cannon may really be a cannon. It might, in fact, be a brass cannon. It just might be one of the few brass cannons that 17th century Spaniards alloyed with the curious new metal called platinum, in which case the finder is a rich man and the federal tax men will expect to take a cut that starts about halfway out the barrel.

For a hoater of Ed Link's experience, a cannon, just any cannon, is not enough. The hunt is a success only if it contributes in some way to history. This contribution is often a simple but important one. If by some relic—cannon or coat button—a wreck can be identified and dated, other relics on the site may take on value. These in turn may help date other wrecks and even relics found on land, where man has always been careless with his belongings.

### History in a jumble

The recoveries from a single wreck site may be misleading. In the ruins of an old British warship, a hunter may come upon the rotted halves of a Yo-yo. This might mean that old British tars went for Yo-yos. It probably means some latter-day moppet in a latter-day Chris-Craft dropped a Yo-yo and fouled up the chain of history below. Several times Link's underwater detector has led him unerringly to the metallic heart of an old wooden ship, and the heart of the wreck has turned out to be a Spam can. "You have no idea," Link reports with a touch of despair, "how many Spam cans are down there." Over the centuries several ships may pile on a single reef and lie buried together in a chronological mess. It was while digging deep in such a mess of 18th- and 19th-century wrecks in the Bahamas that Link recovered the 16th-century open-breech cannon now displayed by the Smithsonian.

Link first went wreck hunting as a lark in 1951 on the *Blue Heron*, a tidy yawl of yacht club gentility which he raced on the southern circuit. After little more than a taste of diving, Link put the yawl on the selling block and bought his big *Sea Diver*. Hopefully contemplating greater hunts in the future, last winter Link put the *Sea Diver* up for sale and began making plans for an even bigger and better boat. "I have always liked the outdoors, and I have



CURATOR PETERSON (LEFT) AND LINK STUDY LOST CITY'S RELICS

tried a number of sports," Link recently explained his affection for wrecks. "I took up golf once and put it back down very gently. I don't like to get my hands dirty, but I like to get them greasy. Wreck hunting seems to have the right challenge." Now in his seventh year at it, Link finds something more than a sharp curiosity impelling him to exploration—a desire now to "reduce the field of wreck hunting to sound facts by taking all the boloney out of it."

Assayed roughly, the lore of old wrecks today is half boloney, the powerful imaginations of adventure writers adding more boloney at a fierce rate. The seas are teeming with sporty fellows who duck underwater and bob right back up, empty-handed but full of the urge to write a book about their adventures among the untold treasures of the deep. After probing like a bank examiner through 50 wrecks from Florida south to Jamaica and east to Silver Shoals on the open Atlantic, Link has found much of significance and little of intrinsic worth: one lot of molten gold (worth about \$15) and, possibly, enough usable silver to plate the annual trophies of the Binghamton Golf Club. He has worked among all the awesome sea creatures, at times with caution but always in utter peace. "A little sting ray once came and settled in the sand where I was digging," Link recalls. "Very cute, the little sting ray. But except for him, I don't seem to attract fish the way some of these underwater writers do."

It was Link's original pledge to himself that wreck exploration would remain a vacation escape to be enjoyed in the warm, clear, wreck-abundant Caribbean. Of late he has been backsliding. Last fall he disappeared into the

Mediterranean and into the cold, turbid and tide-swept waters of Vigo Bay in Spain, where 11 galleons sank in 1702. He is just now in the middle of his biggest search in the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, which scarcely qualifies as a vacation wonderworld—a silty, sluggish body of water unpleasantly cluttered with things not wanted by the town.

It was June a year ago on the Kingston harbor bottom that Link began slowly uncovering the lost city of Port Royal. Even stripped of fiction, Port Royal is story enough to wow the scenario captains on the poop decks of Hollywood. In the mid-17th century, Port Royal ranked among the first cities of the New World. Then it plummeted—literally. In two minutes of violent earth-shaking the city sank, drowning 3,500 people. Port Royal was never much after that, but it set quite a record for disappearances. It was destroyed by fire in 1794, by hurricanes in 1722 and 1744, by fire again in 1815, by earthquake again in 1907 and by hurricane in 1951. A blue-nosed moralist can say Port Royal deserved all this. In its prime it compared physically to a good section of London, but the moral tone was more like Sodom. It was a seven-night-a-week town of pirates, privateers, loose gold coin, wine, women and possibly song.

Since a sinking city usually sinks straight down, finding Port Royal does not seem a great task. However, like most such ruins, Port Royal has been in the middle of a running fight which has tended to obscure things. On one side there are the proper historians fighting to keep the record straight and, on the other, the treasure-loving romanticists kicking the facts around willy-nilly. Over a century ago it was a popular notion that the channel buoy off the present shriveled town of Port Royal stood over the church steeple of the sunken city. In 1859 a diver named Jeremiah Murphy went down to set the record straight. At the buoy, Murphy found not a church but a fort, with cannon still lying in some embrasures, and, stretching landward, the fragmentary brick walls of buildings. Diver Murphy was fast forgotten, and by popular acclaim the church moved again under the buoy. Five years ago an American diver, Alexis duPont, and a Dutch diver, Cornel Lumière, went down for a cursory look. They found part of a brick arch and, well buried in silt, what seemed to be bastions. Last year, Lieut. Harry Riesberg, a diving writer and romanticist if ever there was one, reported that he had descended 180 feet and found a towering coral reef, a cathedral-like structure and, indeed, a ghost city stretching away into the azure depths. A giant spider crab challenged Riesberg, so he withdrew.

#### *Several layers of history*

Three weeks after Riesberg's latest account was drifting romantically through the U.S. press, Ed Link is found roving over the same bottom. The coral reef, the cathedral-like building and the giant spider crab seem to have disappeared. The bottom is silt-covered, the extreme depth about 40 feet. The only work of man immediately visible to divers of the Link expedition is a considerable number of wash basins and chamber pots, probably discards from a nearby hospital.

The proper layer of history obviously lies deeper in the muck. Just as obviously, this is a job for a whole platoon of diving diggers. For this hunt, Ed Link and his wife Marion are accompanied by Art McKee, a Florida diver of 15 years' experience on wrecks, by a Sarasota sports diver, Fred Logan, and by the Naval History Curator of the Smithsonian, Mendel Peterson. In three days, using Fathometers above and prowling through the muck below,

the Link party traces the bastions of two Port Royal forts along the four-fathom line. Then they begin to dig, each man spending a lonely hour or two hanging onto the valve at the end of the air-lift pipe, to guide it as it sucks away the silt and as a precaution in case the pipe suddenly hits a soft spot and sucks the diver into a tangle of debris. In a nest of sea urchins on the fourth day Art McKee comes into a layer of brick and mahogany boards and, below the boards, the divers find bottles and bits of tobacco pipes proper to the century.

Twice briefly for a few hours the harbor water clears so the bottom can be dimly seen from above. In the clear water a nine-foot shark shows up and a 75-pound barracuda with mouth enough to fit a man's thigh. Since these visitors show up in clear water, it is reasonable to guess they are also hanging around in the muck. However, Link is such an unromantic sort of undersea man that the barracuda does not eat him. The barracuda is, in fact, so disdainful of the stolid, slow way in which the Link crew goes about its wreck hunting that it will not let any of the divers get within eight feet.

#### *Persistence pays off*

Lying on his bunk after a long day of uninspired digging, Art McKee remarks: "I always thought I was persistent, but Ed Link is the most persistent son of a gun I ever met. And you know why he likes it? He's got his hands in some kind of machinery. Look at this boat. On the way here the radar broke. Ed flies a man in from Miami and then does 75% of the work himself. Out of Nassau an icebox fine broke, so Ed repairs the whole icebox. At Great Inagua a bearing or something in the automatic pilot froze. Ed goes below and turns it down on the lathe. He made a new belt for the air conditioning. He made parts for the water pump and the main generator. By the time we got to Banner's Reef," McKee concludes, "I was in a sweat. I told Ed, I said, 'Ed, don't drown, because if you did, how the hell could the rest of us get home in all this floating machinery?'"

On the 10th day of digging, after 35 tons of silt have been moved (and 100,000 tons still lie over the city) they find under one hotspot, which Link picks out with his underwater detector, a 2½-ton nine-foot cannon. The crowned rose on the second reinforce of the barrel indicates it is an English gun. Expert Peterson judges its date at about 1650, just about right for the town sinking.

The next day Link must return to his business in the air world. So what does he do with the old iron cannon that confirms the site of the fort? He drops it back in the water. It can always be found when work starts again. Having set the record of Port Royal partly straight, Link is almost duty bound to return. If he does not, in a year or so, natives passing the time of day in the dying town will remember when Link came, brought up an old cannon and then put it back. Inevitably, someone will speculate, someone will suggest that perhaps he really found something a lot better. Inevitably the adventure crowd will get wind of it, and inside 10 years there will be stories of the American Ed Link who came and found the gold. In 50 years there will be stories of this American diver who came and found the gold altarpieces in the sunken church out under the channel buoy.

Before weighing anchor, Link takes about 20 bricks from the old lost city to build a sundial on his one acre in Binghamton. "Just a plain-looking sundial," Link says, "but I can tell you, figuring what this hunt cost, it will be the most expensive sundial in the world." **END**

# THE HUMAN ZOO

*ANYONE who has ever tried to spoon Pabluu into a stubborn infant can hardly help but feel that the baby baboon on the cover of this week's issue looks startlingly like a lot of human babies in one of their moments of tender crisis. Photographer Nina Leen, in fact, has managed to use animals to caricature people in all the good-natured photographs on the following pages. In taking the pictures (at New York's famed Bronx Zoo) she was sometimes forced to wait for hours to catch simple poses which subtly suggested humans in unguarded moments. The natty and sad-eyed fellows just opposite are Malabar squirrels, but something about their appearance suggests a pair of bookies peering out of a bazzar door to see if they are still one jump ahead of the sheriff. Look again and you can feel a quality of startled naiveté about them—and almost hear a spooning teen-ager telling his girl: "Gosh—your pop just drove into the driveway!" There is something about them—and about Miss Leen's hippos, her harbor seal, her black leopard and her recalcitrant orangutan—which reflects things hidden in all of us.*

*Turn the pages slowly and see which of your friends and acquaintances you can recognize*







## BATHERS

*You see all kinds at Coney Island. So this couple has gained weight in 60 years? So woot relief at the beach!*

## GAMBLER

*"Gimme that deck, podunk! Keep yuh hands on the table and don't make no more. Ah aims to count them cards."*

## ACTRESS

*Cut from long shot of hero's ship on horizon to closeup of beautiful dusky maiden calling, "Tyrore! I will wait!"*





# COP HATER

*Our hero will glare like this for another 10 seconds, but he'll produce his driver's license all the same.*



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# A HERD OF HORSE SHOWS

**One \$64,000 event, record numbers of entries and a prolonged battle embellish biggest season yet**

by ALICE HIGGINS

**H**ORSE shows are getting bigger and better all the time, and a check of a few of the 100-odd equine competitions held during the month of June bears out the joyful prophecies of another bumper year. More horses, more money, more days of showing, more spectators.

The Pin Oak show in Houston, for example, an event that attracted a last-night crowd of 8,000, has netted enough money to build a children's hospital, and this year had to add more classes. The show, which in true Texas style claims to be the biggest outdoor show in the U.S. or even the world (several shows claim this distinction, but it probably really belongs to Devon, Pa.), attracted 450 horses and ponies and offered \$64,000 worth of prize money. Newcomers to Houston carted off the biggest share of the cash. Mrs. William P. Roth, an invader from California (SI, Nov. 26), for one, took nine blues with her hackney and harness show ponies, a sweep which didn't leave much in that color line for anyone else. Another triumphant non-Texan was Mrs. Louise Hart of Morton Grove, Ill. She brought her veteran, fast-moving bay mare, Something Wonderful, to Houston for the first time and made it first all the way by winning the mare stake and the \$5,500 five-guited championship.

But all the champions were not new to Houston. That superfine fine harness horse, The Lemon Drop Kid, owned by the Sunnyside Farms of Scott City, Kan. and driven by Jay Utz, repeated his 1956 victory by defeating his brother, Pace Petroleum's High Button Shoes.

Near Chicago, at the Oak Brook Hounds Horse Show, new records also were set in equine entries and, judging from the complete sellout of programs, soft drinks and beer, in spectators as

well. Although there was a Western Division, it was basically a hunter and jumper show, and the jumping classes were all judged by International rather than American Horse Show rules. The longest course, the Velvet Lassie stake, had 19 obstacles and 20 entries. When this field had been winnowed, August A. Busch's former Olympic jumper, Miss Budweiser, and Mr. and Mrs. George Sadlier's Short Cut were left fighting it out for first place. Bob Egan went first on Miss Budweiser, racked up eight faults but completed the difficult course in 1:10.2. Max Bonham took Short Cut slowly, but by the 10th fence he had eight faults. At the 11th he went off course and withdrew. He was licked on time and it was too hot to go on, so Miss Budweiser retired the trophy, having won it three times.

The \$5,000 stake was won by a clever

brown gelding named The Possum, owned by the Marilyn Farms, ridden by Mrs. George Jayne and trained by her husband. The working hunter champion was another Jayne horse, Apt Pupil, trained by George's brother Si and ridden by Dorothy McLeod. All in all, the Jaynes were busy punning up the tricolors in the tackroom.

Meanwhile, at Darien, Conn. the Ox Ridge Hunt Club was putting on its biggest horse show in 28 years. Unluckily, the show coincided with an unseasonal heat wave, which discouraged all but a handful of hardy admirers and fellow exhibitors from coming to watch the expanded program. However, the heat did not seriously affect the quality of the performances at Ox Ridge, and when it was time to award championships, the judges were faced with several ties. In the working hunter division Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paxson's gray Chappaqua was tied with Fairview Farms' consistent Bronze Wing. A hack-off decided the champion, and to Chappaqua, who had been ridden sidesaddle throughout the show by Mrs. Paxson, went the tricolor.

The green jumpers had a tie, too, this time for reserve. The championship went to stake-winning Regency Rake, a gaudy chestnut owned by the Fox Valley Farm and ridden by David Kelley. But Rocky Hill Stables' Rocky Hill and Sugar Hill Farm's Mr. Sandman were tied for second honors, and Betty Haight, riding Mr. Sandman, decided to jump to break the tie. Thus, to the annoyance of a sweating jump crew, the course had to be set up again.



SIDE-SADDLING PENNSYLVANIAN, MRS. PAXSON, RODE CHAPPAQUA TO CHAMPIONSHIP

Rocky Hill went clean for Jack Amon and earned the reserve spot.

The hottest rider at the show, literally and figuratively, and certainly the happiest, was Hugh Wiley, who won the Open Jumping Championship on Mrs. Joshua Barney's Master William and was reserve on his own Nautical. Both horses are on loan to the U.S. Equestrian Team, which managed to duplicate the feat the following week at the Fairfield Hunt Club show with another set of horses and a different rider—Bill Steinkraus. Besides winning the championship with Miss Joan Magid's First Boy and reserve with Mrs. John Galvin's Night Owl, Steinkraus also captured the special Olympic course blue on Night Owl.

The hunter division at Fairfield was well filled; in fact, some voiced the opinion that it was the best collection of conformation horses of the year, despite the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Moteh's Thou Swell, Devon conformation champion, who was off winning another championship at Grose Pointe. The conformation hunter stake, the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy and the championship went to Mrs. Deane Rucker's Spanish Mint. The Working Green hunter award went to a \$21,000 miscalculation, a young gray named The Bellboy, owned and ridden by Miss Peggy Augustus of Kenwick, Va. The horse had been purchased by Miss Augustus' mother at Saratoga as a track prospect but showed no great interest in running. He proved, however, to be more than satisfactory at jumping; Mrs. Augustus' loss seems destined to be her daughter's gain.

Peggy's new hunter was not the only topic of talk at Fairfield, for the show produced Chapter Two of what may become known as the Devon Epic (SI, June 17). At Devon, it will be remembered, the stewards set a precedent by disqualifying Mrs. Galvin's Night Owl when Rider Steinkraus preferred to save the horse and take second place instead of jumping off the tie.

At Fairfield, on two different occasions, Mr. S. E. Magid's Little David was tied for first place, and on each occasion the other rider went first to break the tie. Then Little David, with Shirley Weinstein aboard, entered the ring, was circled twice (a rule violation) and left the ring without coming near an obstacle—in effect, conceding and not jumping, as the Devon stewards had insisted was the rule. But unlike their Devon colleagues, Fairfield's stewards did not disqualify Little David—they gave him second each time. Now what? (END)



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# Mass Hike

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOEEN GERDES

THE URGE to take a hard, long hike, to raise a few blisters, aggravate muscles and uplift the soul, is all but lost in this easy age of beguiling television, body-contoured chairs and rocket-tailed motor cars. Yet the finest American tradition in the diminishing sport of hiking, a tradition that began 45 years ago and has survived all the temptations of easier fun, will be perpetuated again about the middle of this month in a grove of aspen trees, in the natural beauty of the American Fork Canyon of north central Utah. This traditional, annual hike in Utah is open to any who want to come and, while there is the theoretical possibility that next to no one will show up, the mass hike this year will probably, if it continues to run true to form, attract over 2,000 hikers. Some will be out for the first time, but many will be coming back for their fifth or 10th climb up the wooded flanks and past the timber line to the 12,000-foot summit of Mount Timpanogos, highest peak of the Wasatch Range.

The "Timp Hike," as it is called by veterans, attracts thousands of enthusiasts every good year but, the evening before the hike has begun, faced with the prospect of rising at 4 in the morning, some change their minds and stay snug in bed. Nonetheless, as many as 1,700, gathered from over 30 U.S. states and half a dozen foreign countries, have in past years risen early and climbed Timpanogos, a feat which, though it might not require the unerring skill of a Himalayan veteran, is unexpectedly taxing on feet, legs, hearts and lungs. Some sexagenarians make the top, and robust teenagers often give out along the way, overestimating their power with a fast and foolish early pace. Those who go all the way are awarded badges, and there are special awards for the oldest, the youngest and for the largest family making the climb. The chief aim of the mass hike up Timpanogos, however, has never been to make the top, but to enjoy thoroughly what lies along the way.

In the climb of 12,000 feet, each hiker figuratively travels

*continued*

## Above the Timber Line

Five hundred feet from the summit of Mount Timpanogos, the vanguard of the mass hike make their way up a zigzag trail which bypasses the slicker, steeper route over a 1,500-foot glacier.









### Snowy Route

Ten thousand feet up, hikers are strung out following a trail over rubble and swatches of snow on their way to Emerald Lake.

### Mass Hike

*continued*

from Utah to the Arctic Circle. The trail, deceptively easy at first in the vigor of early morning, passes through typical western flora and on to steeper trails through Engelmann spruce, white balsam and alpine fir, around, about, in and out of a tumbling series of waterfalls, at elevations of 6,500 to 10,000 feet, which, botanically speaking, are known as the Montane and Hudsonian zones. The hikers who still have wind for it at 10,000 feet cross the timber line, past a glass-clear lake called Emerald and then, either by working their way up a glacier or by zigzagging through swatches of snow, reach the summit.

The Timp Hike began 45 years ago as a very wholesome idea in the mind of a Brigham Young University instructor, Eugene Roberts, who led the first dozen hikers to the top in 1912. Roberts felt the Lord reveals himself to man powerfully in nature and that a stern climb in utter beauty would be spiritually good for anyone. He proclaimed that the annual hike would be open to anyone with the physical, mental and spiritual desire to climb. As if this might not be incentive enough, Roberts also invented an Indian legend about the place. At a distance, to anyone with a flick of imagination, Mount Timpanogos looks like a giant sleeping Indian. The hiker who reaches the summit today, then, has alternate satisfaction from looking down at the small world below—a spiritual uplift and perhaps some pagan pride at having conquered the largest sleeping Indian in the world. The man with absolutely no imagination can still get a whale of a thrill by sitting at the top of the glacier and, using his pants as a toboggan, whizzing 1,500 feet back down the mountain. (KNS)

### Watery Bypass

The trail up Timpanogos winds past some 100 cascades, a few of which are cleared most easily by walking behind the falls.

### Cooking up Legends

Around a bonfire, a tradition and highlight of the weekend, the hikers sing and recount "Indian legends" about Timpanogos.



# THE OKLAHOMA KIDS

ST. LOUIS fans love brothers. They loved the Deans, Dizzy and Paul, and in 1934 the Deans won St. Louis a pennant. They loved the Coopers, Walker and Mort, and during the early '40s the Coopers won four pennants for St. Louis. Since 1946 the Cardinals haven't won any pennants, but then they haven't had any brothers. Now they do. St. Louis loves them and fans are waiting—and hoping.

The newest set of brothers is the McDaniels. Lindy and Von, two tall, rugged right-handed pitchers from a cotton farm near Hollis, Oklahoma. It is due largely to them that the Cardinals, who, according to most preseason predictions, were doomed to mediocrity, have spent as much time in first place during the last month as any other team.

Lyndall Dale, at 21, is the older. He has short brown hair, steady brown eyes and speaks quietly and seriously.

He belongs to the Church of Christ, and hopes to preach one day. Last winter he studied the Bible at Florida Christian College. So did young Audrey Kuhn, a pretty blonde with blue eyes and delicate features, whom Lindy had met during spring training the year before. When the semester was over, Lindy and "Augie," as he calls her, were married.

Max Von McDaniel is 18, with blond hair, blue eyes and a swift smile. His admiration for his older brother is sincere and obvious. Just six weeks out of high school, this is his first period away from home, and he is slightly awed, a bit lonely, but confident that what the boys back home in Hollis can't hit, the men in the National League can't hit either.

The McDaniel boys were born and have spent most of their lives in Hollis. Mr. and Mrs. McDaniel have two other children, a girl, Anita Beth, age 10,

and a 13-year-old left-hander named Kerry Don.

"If you want to meet a real cutup, that's Kerry Don," says Lindy. "But he'll probably be a better pitcher than Von or myself. He's got good control for a lefty."

"He's got good control for anybody," adds Von.

Unlike many fathers of major league ballplayers, Newell McDaniel never played baseball. His sports were tennis and track. But from the time they were old enough to steal second, the boys loved baseball, and Mr. McDaniel did his best to show them the proper way to play it. He worked with them in the evenings before supper. Lindy would do the pitching and Von the catching. As a matter of fact, it wasn't until a few years ago, when he was playing American Legion ball, that Von began pitching. He was throwing batting practice one day when his coach, short



RIDE WITH THE BOSS IS ENJOYED BY VON, AUGIE AND LINDY AS CARDINAL OWNER BUSCH SHOWS THEM 361-ACRE ESTATE

The St. Louis Cardinals have electrified the National League race since Memorial Day, with the notable help of the McDaniel pitching brothers, whose ages total 39

by WALTER BINGHAM

# HIT TOWN

of pitchers and impressed with Von's strong arm, asked him if he knew how to throw a curve.

"Heck," says Von now with a grin, "I'd been fooling around with a curve for years."

Both boys went to Arnett High School, about eight miles from Hollis. By the time Lindy was a senior, he had been spotted by Fred Hawn, a scout for the Cardinals. Hawn, a leathery little man with iron-gray hair, became a close friend of Newell McDaniel, and after Lindy had spent a year at the University of Oklahoma, Hawn succeeded in signing him to a Cardinal contract at a \$50,000 bonus. Last year, in his first complete season with St. Louis, Lindy won seven and lost six, to establish himself as one of the Cardinals' better pitchers. This year he was 8-4 at All-Star time and is regarded by many as the ace of the St. Louis staff.

Meanwhile, Von was striking out everybody in Oklahoma. When he graduated from high school this May, Hawn wasted no time in signing him to a contract identical to the one Lindy had signed a year and a half before.

When Von joined the Cardinals on May 23, they were in sixth place with a listless 13-17 record. Then, while on the road, they began to win. They won 18 out of 24 games, including eight in a row, and when they returned home they were in second place, a game behind Milwaukee. During this stretch Lindy had won four games and Von had pitched well in two relief appearances, getting credit for his first major league win by shutting out the Dodgers in four innings. Von's performances stimulated the older players, excited the imagination of St. Louis fans who watched him beat Brooklyn on TV and made him a hero before he had thrown a single pitch in the home park.

Back in St. Louis, the Cardinals took three out of four from Pittsburgh and moved into first place. Then the champion Dodgers came to town and St. Louis braced itself for a rugged four-game series.

It is doubtful, no matter what happens the rest of the season, that St. Louis will get as excited as it got the night of that first Dodger game, the

night Von McDaniel made his first major league start and his first appearance before the home crowd.

The morning paper said that Willard Schmidt had been selected to pitch that night and most people believed it, even Von McDaniel. But Lindy didn't. He had watched the way Von had been handled the two previous days—hard throwing one day, no throwing the next. And he knew that Manager Freddie Hutchinson would not tell Von when he would start until a few hours before game time, to insure Von of a good night's rest. Lindy advised his brother to get plenty of sleep.

At 10:30 that morning Von had his breakfast of cold cereal, fried eggs and cocoa in the coffee shop of the Fairgrounds Hotel.

## BURDEN OF CORRESPONDENCE

"I'm usually earlier than this," he explained, "but I've been upstairs writing a lot of letters. There's been lots of mail lately, mostly from insurance companies. Everybody's been wanting me to buy insurance. You've got to be mighty firm with them. It's nice to get letters from friends, though. But it keeps me pretty busy answering them."

The waitress brought his fried eggs, then lingered.

"Could you sign this, please?" she asked hopefully, shoving a card forward. "It's for my little boy. He's 6."

Von signed. "Could you put 'To Charlie?'" she asked. Von wrote, "To Charlie." "Thank you very much," said the waitress. "This will make him very happy." She moved off.

McDaniel looked a trifle embarrassed. "I have two signatures," he confessed. "One is for signing autographs and the other is for signing checks. That way I won't sign anything I shouldn't."

"I may go to college this fall. If I do, it will be to Abilene Christian, because that's near home. My mother doesn't want me too far from home, especially now that I'll be away so much during the season."

Breakfast over, Von walked across the hotel lobby toward the elevator.

"I'd surely like to go over to Lindy's, but he told me I'd better get some

rest today. So I guess I'll go up and write some letters."

Six hours later, Von was sitting on the bright red stool in front of his locker, dressing. Only a few players were there as yet—Murry Dickson, who had pitched the night before, Walker Cooper, Wally Moon and, of course, Lindy. Von was busy adjusting a pair of socks, each of which had a small hole near the toe.

"Von," said Lindy, "if I were you I'd change those socks. You're likely to get a blister if you wear those."

Von examined his feet and frowned. "Oh, I'll surely be all right in these."

Lindy shrugged and left. Across the locker room came a boy wearing a fresh Cardinal uniform. He was Bob Miller, another 18-year-old bonus pitcher, signed that day. The two had pitched against each other in American Legion ball.

"Hey, Von, it sure is good to see you. When did you get out of school?"

Standing, Von shook his hand enthusiastically. "I got out last month," he said, grinning.

"Gee, you're lucky. Ours didn't end until last week. It sure is good to see somebody my own age." Miller took a step closer and almost whispered, "What's it like up here?"

"Aw, it's not much different than pitching anywhere," answered Von with authority. "What I mean is, you just pitch the same way you always do. Now if you were up here as a hitter, then you might have to adjust yourself to a new kind of pitching. But a pitcher just throws the way he always does."

"You've been doing all right," said Miller. "Are they going to start you soon?"

"I don't know."

"If they're going to start you, when do they let you know?"

"I don't know that, either. Nobody's ever told me before."

Butch Yatkeman, the Cardinals' clubhouse man, came by and spotted the holes in Von's socks. "Hey, get those socks off! You don't want to get blisters." Yatkeman produced a fresh pair, and Von took the old ones off.

continued

## McDANIEL BROTHERS

continued

"Hey, Von," yelled someone from the far end of the locker room. "Huteb wants to see you."

Von, with one sock on, one off, slid into his shower clogs and clotted toward the manager's office. By now there were more players present and, as Von passed them, they winked at each other. No one talked.

In a minute he was back. He sat down on the stool and put on the other sock.

"What did he want?" asked Miller.

"Well," said Von calmly, his eyes never leaving the floor, "I'm going to get them out tonight."

A half hour later, on the field, the Cardinal substitutes were taking batting practice. Von sat by himself in the Cardinal dugout. Lindy, bat in hand, came over.

"Hey, Von, if I were you, I'd go in and lie down on Doc's table and get some rest."

Von shook his head. "I want some air. I've been in the hotel all day writing letters. Hey, Lindy? Do I take batting practice with the regulars?" Lindy nodded. "How many swings do I take?"

"Bunt two, then take five swings," said Lindy. Then he turned and headed for the batting cage.

For another 10 seconds Von sat in silence on the bench. Then he rose nonchalantly and said, "Well, I guess I'll go in and lie down on Doc's table and get some rest."

Three hours later Busch Stadium was filled. Dusk had darkened the sky, but the bright lights of the stadium made the field look sunny. In front of the Cardinal dugout, Von McDaniel, 18, threw his last warmup pitches to Walker Cooper, 42.

Then the four umpires gathered at home plate, the national anthem was played, and the first batter, Junior Gilliam of the Dodgers, walked to the



McDANIEL, LINDY (LEFT) AND VON (RIGHT), SHARE A JOKE WITH HERO STAN MUSIAL

plate. Von McDaniel, looking at least 22 with his cap pulled down over his forehead, delivered his first pitch, a strike. The crowd roared. Gilliam grounded out and the crowd roared again. Reese went out too, and then Snider struck out foolishly to end the first inning. The crowd roared in applause.

"What poise," screamed Harry Caray over the radio. "Only 18 years old, just out of high school. He doesn't even shave."

"Oh, he does too," said Augie McDaniel from her seat behind the Cardinal dugout. She held a pocket radio Lindy had given her.

In the sixth inning, the score was still 0-0, and Von had not given up a hit. Then suddenly the Dodgers got their first hit, then another and, along with an error by Stan Musial, they loaded the bases with no one out. Elmer Valo, old but dangerous, came to the plate.

In his private box high above the field, Gusie Busch sat, nervous and quiet. Nearby, in the press box, Gen-

eral Manager Frank Lane was also nervous but not so quiet. In the Cardinal dugout, Lindy gazed sullenly out to the mound. Fred Hutchinson grimly signaled for Relief Pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm to start warming up. The crowd waited and watched.

Von took his wind-up and threw. Valo swung, and the ball exploded back at Von on a bounce. Without hesitation he fired it back to his catcher, Hal Smith, standing on the plate, who caught it and then threw to first. Two men were out, no one had scored. But there were still runners at second and third. Gino Cimoli, a .300 hitter this year and even tougher in the clutch, came up. On third, Pee Wee Reese pretended to race for home, vainly doing his best to upset the young pitcher. Cimoli swung and, like Valo, hit the ball to Von. Grabbing it, McDaniel turned slowly to first and, as Cimoli raced toward the base, he threw him out. The tidal wave of cheering might have been heard in Hollis. The inning

## HIGHLIGHT

The All-Star break in the baseball season's halfway point. For the American League, it might just as well be all over. Moving at a crushing .718 pace (28-11) since Memorial Day, when they were three games behind the White Sox, the Yankees quickly erased any premature hopes of a pennant race this year. On All-Star day they were comfortably in first place—just as they had been last year and the year before that.

The White Sox' perennial June pennant dreams, brightened this year by a strong

.700 run through May 30, waned when the pitching staff finally found the lead too heavy to carry alone.

The Indians, bothered by too many injuries, and the Tigers, perhaps hampered by too many individual stars, not only eliminated themselves from any pennant consideration when they both played below-.500 ball the last six weeks but found themselves pressed for a spot in the first division by the hot-and-cold Red Sox and the irreverent Orioles.

Paul Richards' crew of ragamuffins, the most improved team in the league, was only 2½ games removed from the cellar on

Memorial Day. Since then it won 23 and lost 15 (six by one run) to climb within 3½ games of third place.

In sharp contrast to the American League's annual Yankee blues, the National League is presenting a pennant race even more incredible than last year's three-team merry-go-round. On Memorial Day four teams—the Redlegs, Braves, Dodgers and Phillies—were bunched in tense contention for the lead.

The Cardinals, in fifth place, 8½ games behind the league-leading Reds, seemed all set for another disappointing season. But in the six weeks since then the amazing Cards

was over and, as it turned out, so was the game.

St. Louis scored two runs. The Dodgers were through. When, in the ninth inning, Gil Hodges grounded out to Alvin Dark to end the game, Cardinal players pummeled McDaniel and almost carried him to the dugout. One of the first to reach Von was Lindy. They shook hands.

At a Howard Johnson restaurant later that night, Augie and the brothers ordered shrimp salad, hamburgers and milk shakes. Both boys are well known in or out of uniform, and several people stopped to congratulate Von.

"You'd better have the operator at the hotel disconnect your phone tonight, Von," said Lindy. "Don't accept any calls except from me."

"I wish we could disconnect our phone," said Augie. "Every morning the phone starts ringing at 10. Sometimes as soon as Lindy hangs up, it starts ringing again."

"Don't forget to call Dad tonight, Von," Von nodded.

The manager of the restaurant came over to tell the boys that his boss had phoned during the seventh inning to say that if the boys happened to come in after the game, the dinner was on the house. Von said, "It's a good thing I didn't give up a couple of runs in the eighth."

The manager left. There was a long silence. Lindy and Augie began eating. Von stared idly at the calloused fingers of his pitching hand. It had been a long day, and he looked tired. Finally he spoke.

"This is the first time I've been away from home, and I sort of miss the folks." He looked at his brother and smiled. "But Lindy says you don't get homesick unless you don't like what you're doing. And we both like what we're doing."

So does St. Louis.

(END)

have won 28 and lost only 12. At the All-Star Game break they were 2½ games ahead of everyone else, opening up the widest margin in the league since early June. It was the team's biggest lead since June 1950.

The faltering Redlegs and the injury-ridden Dodgers lost more games than they won, while the sputtering Phils and the enigmatic Braves just about broke even. For a while the sixth-place Giants threatened to move into the race, too, when they won 15 out of 19, but a five-game losing streak spoiled the fun.

One interim conclusion seems safe. Either the Cubs or the Pirates will finish last. —L.W.



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## ALTHEA THE FIRST

continued from page 18

more than half his returns during the first two sets, winning the first but losing the second. But then he went into his private mumbo-jumbo routine of willing himself to concentration, hanging his racket edge on the ground, staring fixedly at the back line. He won a marathon third set at 10-8, and this seemed to break the back of Rose's resistance. But from his showing that day the experts shook their heads about his quarter-finals to come against Sweden's Sven Davidson. Davidson, they thought, with his telescopic reach at the net, might outfox Hoad. But that wasn't the way it was at all.

Against Davidson, Hoad played what would be superb tennis from anyone else, but what he himself reckoned was just pretty good. From the first game of the opening set, Davidson played like a man outmatched. His service is in no way negligible, but Hoad's forehand returns mercilessly disposed of would-be aces, probed the two corners of the baseline and left Davidson standing helplessly.

Hoad's own services were working

like clockwork, a clockwork wound up from 160 pounds of muscle and bone. Sometimes when his first service was out, he aced on the second. One of these second-string aces averted so violently that Davidson was left with his hand outstretched for a forehead return while the ball kicked past him on the backhand. At the net Hoad was deadly. His looping, sharply angled, topspin backhand kept shaving the net to drop like a wet sponge. And his lobs, during the few rallies which developed, fell regularly with small plops on the worn and thinning baseline of the center court. Hoad won in three straight sets in an hour and a half. And still this was no more than a wind-up for the devastating final against Ashley Cooper.

Cooper won the first point of the match with an ace. But Hoad broke his service during that first game, and many others to follow, with a series of returns which were almost unseeable. His uncanny court sense was working to perfection. He was moving into positions before the ball left the face of

Cooper's racket. He was judging out-balls to within an inch. He was playing the same power game as he played against Davidson, but more accurate, dreadier and faster. It was as if the film had been speeded up. Hiss and flame out to volley. Often his drives were so fast that the spectators' eyes lagged a split second behind them. He seemed contemptuous of any ball which didn't kick up chalk on base or sidelines, and he was moving and twisting on the court like an eel, making Cooper look like a flat-footed novice. One miracle save rescued a smash from Cooper and turned it into a winning lob even while spectators were applauding a seemingly safe point for Cooper.

It was all over in just 55 minutes, with the score 6-2, 6-1, 6-2, the fastest final since Fred Perry beat Germany's Gottfried von Cramm in 44 minutes in 1936.

"That's Hoad, that was," quipped one perspiring spectator. Players, professionals and press were stunned by Hoad's game. MASSACRE ON THE CENTER COURT, read headlines in the evening papers.

"I've never seen such tennis," said old Wimbledon pro Dan Maskell, who has seen all the greats in action.

Said Sven Davidson, "Hoad is just a class and a half better than anyone else in competitive tennis." "I just don't see what Cooper could have done," said Herbie Flam.

As any man would be who went out for a fight and found he was destined to be nothing but a sacrifice, Cooper was disconsolate. "I was never in the game. It wouldn't have mattered what I did against him today," Hoad admitted it was one of his best matches—"but I feel I've played better in Australia several times."

Just how fast was Hoad? Said Lew, "I felt good and I knew I was hitting them hard. Gonzales was measured serving at 112 miles an hour. I doubt whether I equaled that." But experts began to revise their opinion that Hoad would still be no match for Gonzales. "On this showing," said one pressman, "Hoad would beat Gonzales every day of the week. And if Lew reckons he won't reach his peak until he's 25, there won't be anyone left for him to play. Hoad will just outclass them all a couple of years from now."

Heading blithely for the U.S. and an unprecedentedly bulging bag of loot, Lew Hoad had made the most spectacular exit anyone had ever made from amateur tennis. Wimbledon will long remember him, possibly with more wonder than affection.

END

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER PLAYING AT HIS 11th MINUTE







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# WEEKEND HEROES ON

Robert Kuhn is one of hundreds of amateur racing drivers who find a little danger and a lot of fun in a sport besieged by success

by KENNETH RUDEEN

THE MAN in the red helmet started the engine of his blue-striped, white sports car and rolled up to a middling place in the two-by-two starting pattern on the broad asphalt track. His name came over the loud speakers without emphasis: "Lieutenant Colonel Robert Kuhn, driving No. 771, an AC Bristol." Not a fan wanted to give a second look; no tingle of anticipation stirred the audience.

It was the start of the third race of a four-race national Sports Car Club of America program at the Road America course, which twists for four miles through the green hills near Elkhart Lake, Wis. This was a race for production cars, which, roughly described, are machines tame enough to be driven in everyday traffic and spirited enough to be raced. Their drivers—heroes only to families and friends—were men tame enough to work office hours during the week and spirited enough to drive a car like Billy-be-damned on the weekend.

They represented the broad backbone of American sports car racing—the submerged part of the iceberg, so to speak, which keeps the glamorous, publicized tip afloat.

Of the thousands of U.S. sports car enthusiasts, the SCCA claims the lion's share of licensed racing drivers—1,400. For every Carroll Shelby or John Fitch there are hundreds of obscure Robert Kuhns. Besieged by success—new race courses are creating a multitude of new fans, an upsurge in sports car sales—the SCCA still shuns professionalism and gives the Kuhns a chance to win trophies. Races are spread out over a wide variety of car classes and driving talents. In a typical race meeting, the fan can watch just about every kind of sports car sold in the U.S.—and see the gamut of driving styles.

Amateur auto racing is one of the easiest "dangerous" sports in which to translate Walter Mitty-like dreams of derring-do into positive action, for the prospective driver can buy a contending racer from the showroom floor, have it tuned or tune it for racing him-

self and learn in a drivers' school the rudiments of competition.

The man in the red helmet at Elkhart had taken to cars as a youngster. Kuhn's dad opened the first garage in Canton, Ohio, and young Robert had climbed onto his lap to take the steering wheel as soon as he could arrange it. Pop built him a car of his own, at 12—a chain-driven wonder, made of motorcycle and Model T parts, that could zip along at a heady 70 mph.

A former home town barnstorming pilot and a West Point graduate, Kuhn jumped with the first U.S. paratroop regiment in training, checked out on gliders during World War II (but never managed to get into the shooting war) and later served as Air Force Project Officer for the B-47 jet bomber, which he learned to fly. Now Kuhn, at 42, is stationed at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, as Liaison Officer between Air Force and industry in the production of jet fighters.

In 1950 Kuhn saw a sports car race at Watkins Glen, N.Y. He got the message.

"I had seen track racing for years,"

he said, "but this was my first taste of road racing. This is what cars were made for. Well, in 1953 I bought an MG. I drove my first race at Thompson, Conn., started seventh and finished seventh. I found out right there that there is a lot more to road racing than meets the eye. The startling thing is the extreme speed with which these cars can take off and slow down.

"More than that, I discovered that road racing is an awful lot like flying an airplane was in the old days—I mean the days when you really had to fly by the seat of your pants, before they had all the gadgets they have now. I think racing is more exacting and actually more fun than flying.

"You have a terrific sense of traction stability and buoyancy in the corners. You almost become a human gyroscope. I found out that I had to develop a keen sense of timing in the corners—to know when to cut off, brake and shift, and just how much to accelerate coming out of a turn. The big thing is to maintain adhesion whether you're slowing down, cornering or accelerating. There is absolutely no sense in spinning the wheels."

Slipping and sliding not only slows a driver, Kuhn soon discovered, but also chews up tires. And race tires, at \$45 each, can use up a modest racing budget quickly. So Kuhn tries to drive smoothly enough to make his tires last



BOB KUHN, OVER THE WEEKEND, SPIRITED ENOUGH TO DRIVE LIKE BILLY-BE-DAMNED

# WHEELS

for six races or more. Not counting tires, he can compete for \$35 to \$125 per race, depending on the distance to be traveled and accommodations.

Kuhn has nursed his tires and his budget carefully enough to have competed often and successfully with the MG, a Siata V-8, two Abarths and the current AC Bristol, a six-cylinder, two-liter English roadster that is the hottest thing in Class E production racing these days. His No. 771 is so stock, Kuhn says, that it even has a heater in it and, in fact, he turned it on during a winning drive on a cold day at Louisville this year.

On the Thursday night before the Road America races, Kuhn left Dayton in a 1949 Dodge panel truck, towing No. 771 on a trailer, with one of his five children, 17-year-old Christopher, and an old Ohio chum, Frederick (Red) Martin, who manages a Volkswagen agency that Kuhn owns. On the next day, No. 771 passed inspection, and on Saturday Kuhn put in 30 practice laps.

Hard by one of the more elaborate racing rigs, Martin placed two tiny folding stools, two clipboards with lap charts, a small fire extinguisher, a small blackboard for signaling, a box of chalk and a copy of SCCA's competition regulations.

The red helmet hopped up over the last rise at the end of the first lap. Eighth place. Engine singing healthily, no complaints. Kuhn had started behind 14 cars; he had picked up six places already. Pressing ahead, Kuhn moved up to sixth place on the fourth lap and to fourth place on the fifth tour. He was only 10 seconds behind the race leader—a larger Mercedes 300SL—and two other AC Bristols stood between. He still had a long gap to close to approach the third man, but close it he did. With 20 miles of the 60-mile race remaining, the little Bristol snarled around corners nose to tail and down the straights side by side. After a dozen miles of this kind of zestful sparring, Kuhn pulled away. At the finish, the man in the red helmet was a solid third over all and second in class.

It had been a good race, and Kuhn had only one mild regret: "I'm afraid I burned a little too much rubber out there today."

END

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88 PROBE

# 5 THE ART OF RACE RIDING

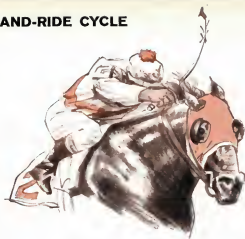
Part **by EDDIE ARCARO with WHITNEY TOWER**  
and drawings by **ROBERT RIGER**

## THE FINISH

Although it is correct to say that every foot of the way is important to each race, it's a fact that nine times out of 10 the money is waiting for the horse and jock who get the best job done from the eighth pole to the wire. It is during these last 200 yards that I prefer to forget my whip and give my horse, instead, the benefit of what we call the hand ride. Now, basically what a rider does in the hand ride is to tune himself completely with the motion and rhythm of his horse. Thus, when the horse is on his hind feet, you must be in position to shove with your hands. And, as he pushes off on his jump, you go with him with your hands.



## HAND-RIDE CYCLE



### FORWARD THRUST

I think you will see from the three drawings on this page what I mean when I say that you must be "one" with your horse in the proper hand ride. First of all, on the opposite page we see the horse coming off his hind feet into his jump or big stride. As he makes his jump I'm going forward with my hands, as seen at left. Notice two things about my "seat" in this sequence: I'm well forward, where I'm getting better leverage, and my short right iron is responsible for giving me the very strongest pushing action.

### FULL OUT

Naturally you must push as hard as your power will permit you to. The harder you push the more you feel you're urging your horse—and helping him. On the right, you see the horse coming back from the jump, and consequently my hands are also coming down. One aspect to the hand ride is that I notice that I get more power with my head down in an all-out drive. Of course, if you're driving in the middle of a peek you absolutely must (unlike this drawing) keep your head up to see where you're going.



### NEUTRAL POSITION

Even with your head buried in your horse's neck and mane, as your posture becomes more streamlined you should be capable of maintaining the proper hand ride without breaking the rhythm which you've established between you and the horse. At left, for example, I've already completed one full forward jump, and my hands now come back to the neutral position after recoiling, and we're about to start another in the strenuous series of push-and-thrust actions which make up the complete hand ride.

## RIDING THE NECK



## RELATIONSHIP WITH THE HORSE

Hand riding, of course, is riding with complete disregard of the whip. On these pages, above and below, is another complete hand-riding cycle. The hand ride, properly executed, is really just an all-out concentration of pushing along the horse's neck. There's only one way to hand-ride: get down and really shove at the thing. When you do it right it's everything your body can give. You're straining every muscle in your body, and the key to the

whole business is that you must have that absolute relationship with the horse. For instance, if he's on his hind feet and I go forward before he takes off, then I'm riding faster than he's going—and we're not in motion together. The logical result of this will be that I'll completely confuse the horse. And a confused horse—no matter how potentially good a runner he may be—can't possibly give you his best effort. In fact, he's liable to quit on you.

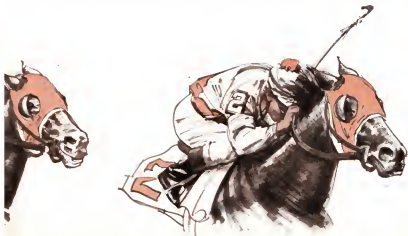




### HEAD-AND-HEAD IN THE STRETCH

In hand riding, with the great push and thrust going for you so that you feel "one" with your horse and he's running for you, you almost never hit him. To let go and break your rhythm to hit him is the worst thing you can do, and it's also the one thing the horse least expects. There's no doubt in my mind that when horses get head-and-head they really know it's a race. And if they're any account they'll give you all the run they have in

them, so this would be the worst time to use a whip. Now to the final phase of our theoretical mile race, in which, at the close of last week's article, my 2-horse was leaving the quarter pole ready to duel the 8-horse down the stretch. (Whereas my horse was previously on the mill—for the purpose of showing the right- to left-handed whip switch—above we take the liberty of moving him to the outside in order better to illustrate the proper hand ride.)





#### PHYSICAL EFFORT

To use maximum effort for any length of time is quite impossible. If you have to hand-ride a horse in the middle of the backstretch (to put him to running), you're not going to have strength in reserve to get back down on your belly and push again the last eighth of a mile. And if you get sloppy in a hand ride, you'll only lose rhythm and it'll send you into a slump quicker than anything I know of.

### GOING TO THE WHIP FROM A



#### THE RIGHT ARM

For myself, at least, I find that only on rare occasions will I want to combine the hand ride and use of the whip. Usually the need to combine the two styles of riding comes out of desperation—when you've just got to do something to get more out of your horse. In this drawing, giving more of a side view, you can appreciate the great physical effort, the hunching and streamlining of my body, the extra push from my right iron and the thrust with both hands. However, here, from a hand-ride action I can break the right hand free of the rein, recoil my arm and get ready to whip right-handed.





### A QUICK LOOK

With the horse I've got to beat on the inside of me, I turn my head ever so slightly and look under my left arm as I begin another forward thrust. If I lifted my head now I'd break the streamlining effect of the proper hand ride. I can get much more power up through my back—and greater forward motion—when my head is kept down than if I threw my neck back when I wanted to see what was going on.

## HAND-RIDE ACTION



### NATURAL RHYTHM

Similarly, if the circumstances of my position in the field make it necessary for me to go to the whip left-handed from the hand ride, I'm not at a total loss, as this drawing shows. The important point is that if you must go to the whip during a hand ride, be sure not to lose one beat of the regular thrust-and-push rhythm. It seems that my rhythm, in cases such as I've described in these two examples, is a natural one-two-three beat for me. What I mean is that I'll stroke them three times with the whip (crack, crack, crack), then ride for three regular beats before going to the whip (one-two-three) in uninterrupted rhythm again.

## THE LAST THREE JUMPS TO THE WIRE

I find actually that it's the short right iron—rather than riding ace-deuce—that gives me the great pushing action. It's really a wonderful feeling, and if you're in any kind of riding slump you'll know it immediately because the one thing you'll find you're not doing right is getting down and pushing properly. Now, I don't say it's right and I don't say it's wrong, but you don't see many riders who really get down on a horse the way I do. Most riders can't do it—and the only way I got to do it was by riding 1,000 times a year and just plain doing it. It's the only way you can get maximum effort. All this talk naturally brings up the important question of whether you have to use maximum effort on every horse at the finish of every race. The answer, of course, is no. First, there are going to be horses who, when you want them to move and you think they're right with it, are going to cross you up by spitting the bit and backing up on you. (Spitting the bit, by the way, has nothing actually to do with the bit or the horse's mouth. It's just a term we use to describe that entire body action

of a horse when you're sitting there holding him and you think he can go, but instead he doesn't go and just collapses on you. It feels like he's going dead on you.) So, I say the best hand ride in the world won't bring in a horse who doesn't want to run. The same goes for a lot of cheap horses, who are hard to ride anyway. With some of them you find yourself in the position of having to be driving at any point in the race and at the same time fighting their tendencies to run out or lug in. But that's what makes them cheap horses. The good horses, on the other hand, you never forget. They have so much will to run that there's not a whole lot of riding to a real good horse. His will to run will make you get with him—make you be "one" with him. What made horses like Citation, Assault, Challedon, Devil Diver, Shut Out, Mark-Ye-Well (and a lot of others I could name) good horses was one factor: they tried to run. You don't have to ride a real good horse over a quarter of a mile if he's at his best, because in order for him to be a good horse he's gotten you that far anyway.





### HEAD-AND-HEAD FOR THE MONEY

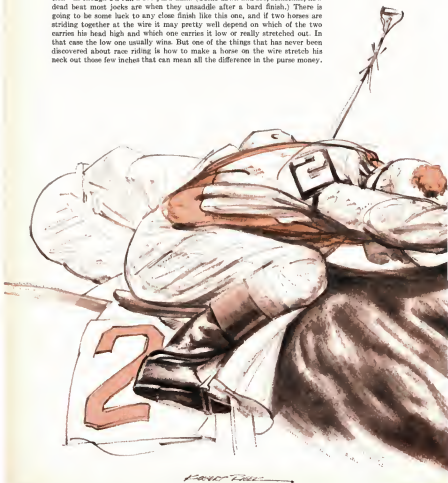
It's only natural when I'm going full-out in a hard ride in the last few strides that I sort of subconsciously dig my heels with my heels—especially with the right heel. I know I do it because when I'm in that position, as you can see, it's the best position for me to get in my best

punch. Of course, the object is not to tear up the skin on your horse with your heel. If I find myself marking up a horse (and the trainer will tell you pretty quick if you see!) I'll use a rubber pad under the saddle and "falsies" to cushion the inside of both ankles in my boots,



## PERFECT PICTURE FINISH

In our put-up race I know it's going to be a desperately close thing these last few jumps. Here then, finally, is the all-out effort, the greatest push and the absolute complete maximum forward thrust. To increase this motion, to form an even lower and sleeker shape, I now sit right down, getting my body impossibly low in a painfully flattened and almost anatomically impossible shape. For what? For the one lunge which may get me to the wire first. And the drawing you see below is probably the most perfect picture of hand riding to its fullest extent that I have ever seen. Everything about it screams maximum effort, and one finish like this can reduce me to a state of complete physical exhaustion—as though I'd run a 100-yard dash. (Come down and see, sometime, how dead beat most jocks are when they unsaddle after a hard finish.) There is going to be some luck to any close finish like this one, and if two horses are striding together at the wire it may pretty well depend on which of the two carries his head high and which one carries it low or really stretched out. In that case the low one usually wins. But one of the things that has never been discovered about race riding is how to make a horse on the wire stretch his neck out those few inches that can mean all the difference in the purse money.



## A DEDICATED OBJECTIVE

Of all the things I have learned about race riding (and this includes all the major points we have taken up in the past five weeks, such as basic generalship, knowledge of your own horse and your opposition, gate procedure and styles of both right- and left-handed whipping) I'm still more conscious of one thing than anything else: you've got to do everything humanly possible to get across that line first. I prefer to credit the secret of my success to my competitive instinct. I can promise you that if I don't have a nose or a head lead six jumps from the wire I'll change something for sure. In the last few jumps I give it everything I have. I'll scream like a Comanche and hope the jock alongside of me gets scared and draws his whip or makes some mistake which will let me catch him. Doing something completely unorthodox might do the trick—even if you do it unintentionally. I remember one finish at Santa Anita: I switched whips six times between the 16th pole and the wire. In the final jump I lost the reins completely and went across the line all-out—no reins! When the kids in the jocks' room saw the photo they really razzed me. Did I care? Hell, no! The important thing—reins or no reins—was that I won. And to me, after 25 years, that's the most important thing about the whole art of race riding. (END)



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## HOTBOX

### The Question

Should the spitter be legalized?

#### STAN MUSSEL



St. Louis Cardinals  
First baseman

No. By itself, the spitter would make little difference. Few pitchers could master the delivery. But once a pitcher begins to spit on the ball, there may be all sorts of abuses. Baseball rules are made to improve our national sport. Why legalize a pitch that was banned years ago?

#### YOGI BERRA



N.Y. Yankees  
Catcher

The spitter does funny things, but so does the knuckler. You can't tell how a knuckler will break, but the spitter breaks down. I'm not saying that the spitter should be legalized. However, if it is, it will be the same for everyone, and no pitcher would be accused of cheating.

#### LEW BURDETTE



Milwaukee Braves  
Pitcher

If it is legalized, I'll have to learn to throw it. I've never seen a pitcher throw a spitter, and I don't know what it does. I'm sure that most big leaguers don't, either. But if all the stories I've heard about the spitter are true, I don't blame the batters for not wanting it used.

#### TED WILLIAMS



Boston Red Sox  
Left fielder

No. Even with the rabbit ball, the pitchers have all the better of it. They've got night baseball, the slider and the knuckler. That's enough of an edge. Anyway, I had several spitters thrown at me last year. How do I know? Some of the stuff got into my eyes. It isn't sanitary.

#### MAL JEFFCOAT



Cincinnati Reds  
Pitcher

Yes. As a former outfielder, I know that a lot of spitters have been hit out of the park. The pitch should be legalized. Just to stop all the bullhorns about it. Its reintroduction will foul up the control of many pitchers who try it. The spitter will never replace a good live fast ball.

#### BILLY PIERCE



Chicago White Sox  
Pitcher

No. The spitter is an extremely difficult pitch to control. Its experimental use could result in serious injuries. Furthermore, the perfection and widespread use of pitches like the slider, palm ball and knuckle ball have added greatly to the pitcher's repertoire.

**DUKE SNIDER**



Brooklyn Dodgers  
Center fielder

No, but I know pitchers who throw it. Burdette's best pitch is a low fast ball. If you think it's a spitter, you take it because it will

break down for a ball. So, if it isn't a spitter, the ball comes over for a strike. That makes the threat of a spitter more effective than a spitter itself.

**EDDIE YOST**



Washington Senators  
Third baseman

No. The pitchers already have the fast ball, curve, slider, screwball, knuckler, palm ball, fork ball, all of which they control

effectively. These pitchers have greatly reduced the number of .300 hitters since the spitter was outlawed. Why give the pitchers still another advantage?

**WILLIE MAYS**



N. Y. Giants  
Center fielder

It makes no difference to me, but I wouldn't like to see it too often. The spitter was outlawed because it was a dangerous pitch. The

knuckler isn't dangerous because it has to be pushed and doesn't have much speed. But the spitter can be thrown hard and has a quick, uncertain break.

**BILL VIRGOH**



Pittsburgh Pirates  
Center fielder

Yes. The pitcher has the advantage now. If you are a .300 hitter, he gets you out seven times while you're getting only three hits. And there aren't many .300 hitters. Even so, I think the spitter should be legalized. Few pitchers will use it, and it's no more dangerous than some other pitches.

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## FITNESS: GETTING THINGS DONE

Sirs:

The issue of July 1 was especially timely, particularly HOTBOX ("Last summer President Eisenhower appointed a council on youth fitness. Since then has anything in your area been done about this?"). My reason for writing you is to point out that the state of Illinois has done something about the matter of youth fitness.

Governor William G. Stratton called a Governor's Conference on Youth Fitness with 100 invited representatives of youth serving agencies, institutions and organizations. We met at Robert Alton Park near Monticello, Illinois May 3, 6 and 7 for three days of interesting and worthwhile group and conference sessions.

Cooperating in staging this conference were the College of Physical Education, University of Illinois; the Department of Public Instruction; and the Illinois Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

The meeting was called to assess the fitness problem in the state and to see what various groups could do in the way of expansion, intensification and improvement when needed.

Organizations for which brief reports were given included: The American Turners Society, the State Outdoor Educational Advisory Council, 4-H youth fitness program, Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Federation of Settlements, Chicago Boys Clubs, Boy Scouts of America, YMCA and American Youth Hostels. The CYO sent a representative but did not accept an invitation to report.

Talks were given by V. L. Nickelf, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Governor Stratton; and the keynote address was given by Dr. Shane MacCarthy, President Eisenhower's personal representative and Chairman of the National Fitness Council. Short statements were also made by Dr. F. D. Belster, President of the Illinois School Principals Association; Dr. Ray C. Duncan, Dean, School of Physical Education and Athletics, West Virginia University and President of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation; Dr. Arthur Steinhaw, Dean, George Williams College; H. O. Dawson, President, Illinois Association of School Boards; and Gilbert Dodds, track coach, Wheaton College.

The most important recommendations of the conference propose that the governor appoint an Illinois Youth Fitness Advisory Committee with suggested duties listed; appoint a full-time executive director to head this committee; designate a Youth Fitness Week to focus public attention on the problem; and contact the head of each Illinois community urging him to appoint a local council on youth fitness.

Each organization represented was asked to review its own contribution to the youth of the state in the area of fitness and to expand and intensify its program wherever possible. Some have already made a number of worthwhile changes.

Inquiries concerning the conference have already come in from five state leaders and one governor. No doubt other states will have similar meetings before long.

We feel that the state of Illinois is doing something about youth fitness, and something worthwhile!

C. O. JACKSON  
Professor, School of Physical Education  
University of Illinois  
Urbana, Ill.

● Much has indeed been done by many as a result of the President's sounding the alarm, though much more remains to be done. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has completed an exhaustive, state-by-state survey and in its August 5 issue will report to its readers on progress made and plans under way.—ED.

## BASEBALL: LOYALTY COUNTS

Sirs:

In my opinion Mr. Frick was unjust when he banned George Crowe, Gus Bell and Wally Pott from the National League starting lineup in the All-Star Game.

The reason that Cincinnati ballplayers received so many votes is that after many years of watching Cincinnati founder in the second division the fans are proud to see their team near the top of the league. That is why they come out and vote for it. Fans in other cities didn't take the trouble to vote for their players, so they did not win.

Mr. Frick devised the system of voting by the fans so that they would choose the players they would like to see represent each league. This has obviously happened, and it was hardly sportsmanlike for Mr. Frick to change the rules of the game simply because he disagreed with the outcome.

ROBERT SACHS

Maplewood, N.J.

## BASEBALL: FOUL-UP

Sirs:

I am as disgusted by this year's All-Star voting as I was last year.

The fault lies not so much with Cincinnati's overcautious vote counters as with the system set up by the baseball powers. It is a fine thing to let the fans vote for the starting lineups, but it must be obvious by now that huge holes of errors votes foul up the whole procedure.

ALAN CLEM

Washington, D.C.

## BASEBALL: BASIC COMMENTARY

Sirs:

For the people who only see or hear baseball games on Saturday afternoon telecasts, here are some explanations which may clear up some of the terms used by TV sportscasters. They apply to the ordinary players, not the guys like Fox, Williams, Score, Mantle, Aaron, Mays, etc.:

*referee*—played same position last season

*compaignet*—a player who has been kicked from team to team

*promising youngster*—a kid on whom no statistics are available

*control pitcher*—a guy without a fast ball  
*pitcher with great stuff*—a wild guy who walks 10 a game

*real good gleecman*—a guy who can't hit

*free swinger*—a guy who strikes out a lot  
*good hitting pitcher*—a good pitcher, for a hitter

*gets his throws away quick*—no arm

*confident player*—wise guy

*baller guy*—no ability

*relief pitcher*—a pitcher who can't go more than three innings

*rounding into shape*—so fat he can't bend down

*team that has been having tough luck*—they are in the cellar

*too hot to handle*—he goofed

*that pitch got away from him*—he threw at the batter's head

*he stands deep in the box*—Herb Score is pitching on a dark day

*wind-blown double*—outfielder misjudged it

*swinging hard*—batter swung hard and was lucky to dribble it

*hit to the opposite field*—batter couldn't get around on a fast ball

JIM SWANN

Notre Dame, Ind.

## BOATING: YESTERDAY'S DREAMS

Sirs:

In regard to your article on auto-styled boats (*High-wass Hot Rods*, SI, June 17), those copying facts are getting more and more ridiculous. For a while cars began copying boats in appearance, then airplanes. Now the trend, except for Chrysler's handsome line, seems to be toward jukaboats.

Strangely, the most beautiful cars, Italy's Ferraris and Maseratis, look not like boats or airplanes but like cars. Similarly, the most beautiful boats, the racing sailboats and hydroplanes, look exactly like what they are intended to be. Functional beauty of this type is classic; prewar racing cars and the square-rigged sailing ships of a century ago are things of beauty today. But look at a picture of one of the highly touted dream cars of five years ago. Today, its fat ended, it looks absurd. Five years from now these auto-styled boats will look equally absurd.

STEVE BIELER

Atlanta, Ga.

## GOLF: THE CADDY AND THE CADDIE

Sirs:

The enchanting article about the St. Andrews Old Course (SI, July 1) brought to my mind a story which may or may not be true (and may be old) about a young American member of a Walker Cup team of some years back.

On the toe of a short hole the American asked the oldtime caddy for his niblick. The caddy replied that this was a mashie ball.

The American insisted that he be given his niblick, and after some time with great reluctance the caddy complied. The tee shot landed on the green, bounced a few times and dropped into the cup. The American turned to the caddy and asked if he did not think it was a very good shot. The caddy replied, "Aye, 'twas a good shot, but you would have done better with the mashie."

W. J. SPRIGGS

St. Paul, Minn.



## TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for high- and middle-handicap golfers

from **PHIL PERKINS**, Highland Park Golf Course, Cleveland

When a pupil comes to me with a complaint of bad chipping, invariably I find that his trouble is scooping. He is—and he is seldom aware of it—trying to help the ball up with his hands instead of relying on the loft of the club. In these cases I tell the player to do one simple thing: Stab the ground with your club.

I have found that most pupils fail to grasp a pro's meaning when he tells them to hit down on the ball or to hit with a down-stroke. They seem to get the picture much more clearly when you tell them to stab the ground. Of course, I emphasize other points about chipping. I urge an open stance, with the feet, hips and shoulders turned toward the hole. This is vitally important, for the hands must lead the clubhead through. The hands have to lead in order to hit down. If the stance is not open, the ball will go to the right of the target. An open stance and leading hands give the ball direction. I add only one more caution: Strike the lower half of the ball.

It is one of the small joys of teaching golf to watch the surprised look on the pupil's face as his ball rises into a nice arc toward the flag. He remembers the advice of stabbing the ground for a long time. It has worked for me on pupil after pupil, and they come back to report that it helps them from good and bad lies alike.



Phil Perkins demonstrates stabbing the ground on chip shots



NEXT WEEK: GEORGE CORCORAN ON THE WOMAN'S GRIP



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## THE WOMEN



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Mrs. N. B. A.



"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED isn't like a lot of magazines that will hold over. You have to read it right away."

Mrs. W. E. A.



"My husband and child daughter read it. I don't read it too often. I do look out the features on golf because I play myself."

Mrs. A. O. F. Jr.



"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a very nice size to hold when you are in bed. I have been fascinated by various articles the Boxing Scandal, basketball, Hot Sex, the golf articles and, of course, Happy Kool. I really enjoy it. We all enjoy it."

Mrs. D. L. B.

## PAT ON THE BACK



## HERBERT KOKERNOT

From a casual gesture of lending vacant land on the edge of town to the local semipro ball team Herbert Kokernot, rancher, banker and sportsman of Alpine, Texas, developed an interest that led to his being named Baseball Sponsor of the Decade by the National Baseball Congress. Ten years ago he built a quarter-million-dollar grandstand and ball park and ever since he has been generously encouraging baseball in the Southwest with his financial support. Latest of his ventures at Kokernot Park was last month's National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics tournament, sponsored by Alpine's Sul Ross State College with Mr. Kokernot's backing. In the picture above he proudly presents the trophy to Pete Swain, coach of the winning Sul Ross team. Colleges from six other states which participated in the tournament were: College of the Ozarks, Clarksville, Ark.; Western Illinois State College, Macomb, Ill.; David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tenn.; Southwestern State College, Weatherford, Okla.; Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.; and William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. For both winners and also-rans there was a giant barbecue and entertainment, courtesy of Herbert Kokernot.



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*From Slapdilly Jones to Dicky Dee, Super Anscochrome shows entire scene in crisp and colorful detail. The same kind of big, new color black is your own with a super image gives you an amazing depth.*



*Hot pursuit, stepped cold! Distances of 1000 feet in 1/100 sec., 1/15 Super Anscochrome, the world's finest color film is actually faster than standard "medium" color film.*

**FILM SPEED 100.** Maybe you will never shoot a show, but Super Anscochrome's Exposure Index of 100 means you can be sure of superb color at dawn or dusk — or indoors with just window light. Or in a storm, too, in bad weather, when you're not to shoot or miss the chance altogether! Super Anscochrome is the premium-quality color film. It's premium priced, too — but wait until you see your slides and prints!

*Important!* If yours is a snap-shot camera, Super Anscochrome is too fast. Use regular Anscochrome (Exposure Index 32: Canon, 120, 127, 620, 828; 16mm and sheet; indoor or outdoor



*Anscochrome is the world's finest color film. It's actually faster than standard "medium" color film.*

Another contribution to better picture-taking from Ansco... the House of Photographic Firsts